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### CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.  
Lords.

YESTERDAY week the House of Lords took up a very strong position on the question of Betterment, Lord MORLEY moving that it was desirable to appoint a Select Committee to join with a Committee of the other House in considering the justice of the principle and the expediency of its application. This was opposed by Lord KIMBERLEY on the rather extraordinary ground that, "from information received," he was sure the other House would not consent. This, translated from the singular lingo which subordinate Ministers have learnt from their chief, means that, just as in relation to Employers' Liability the Government is at the beck of the Trade-Unions, and will attend, not to what is just and expedient, but only to what they want done, so in relation to Betterment it is at the beck of the London County Council. The Peers, however, very properly refused to attend to this, and the motion was carried by 35 to 22. If, therefore, the advocates of Betterment advocate it honestly, now is their chance; if they reject that chance, everybody with a brain in his head will draw the obvious conclusion.

Commons.

Mr. GLADSTONE having, in a very wonderful instance of Gladstonese, either repeated, or strengthened, or weakened, or withdrawn (for his words admit of all these interpretations), the pledge he recently gave about the navy, and Mr. KEIR HARDIE having had the bad luck (for, though he mustered only thirty-six backers at the critical time, they rose to forty-four afterwards) to miss his motion for adjournment over the Unemployed, another sober and solemn evening was spent in the Lower House on the Parish Councils Bill.

On Monday Mr. BUXTON, in reply to Mr. LABOUCHERE, pointed out there was no evidence of any ill-treatment of the Matabele wounded, though he could not yet positively disprove the occurrence of any. Sir EDWARD GREY informed Mr. E. MORTON (not ALPHEUS) that the present Government had no intention of acquiring Lemnos—which, by the way, or some other place in the neighbourhood, could easily, and ought to, have been secured fifteen years ago. A third question of interest touched Betterment; and Mr. GLADSTONE, as was expected, announced the hardening of the hearts of the Government against the wise as well as merciful offer of a

place of repentance to them in that matter. Sir JAMES FERGUSSON neatly pricked the bladder of *suggestio falsi* on which Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer swam, by asking when the House of Commons had affirmed or examined the principle of Betterment? And the evening and the night were the Parish Councils Bill, faintly enlivened at twelve o'clock by a gagging motion of Mr. FOWLER'S.

On Tuesday Mr. ASQUITH broke down considerably in the attempt to explain to Mr. DARLING why, after not only allowing one Anarchist meeting in Trafalgar Square, but poohpoohing all protests at it, he had proceeded to forbid another. In the Palace of Truth he would, of course, have replied, "Because, with this 'Dublin business on, I knew it was as much as my 'place was worth to allow it.'" Mr. GLADSTONE was Panglossian about Russian ports, and gently but firmly suppressed Mr. KEIR HARDIE on the subject of the Unemployed. Then, after much sleep-walking on the Parish Councils Bill—that "figment of political imagination," as Lord SALISBURY was well describing it elsewhere—Mr. LABOUCHERE "went must" on the Matabele business, Sir JAMES FERGUSSON kindly undertaking the part of MULVANEY.

On Wednesday there passed, in the House of Commons, six hours.

Lords.

On Thursday the Employers' Liability Bill was read a second time without division in the House of Lords, but after a debate which showed sufficiently what line Committee would take. Perhaps the most interesting speech was that of Lord DUDLEY, which gave promise of a fresh manifestation of the considerable, though sometimes erratic, ability which has more than once distinguished the WARDS.

Commons.

In the Commons questions were answered on Vitu slavery, on Anarchist prosecutions, and on the mind of the Government. This was going to be made up next day in reference to the Parish Councils Bill, which ambled, as usual, on to midnight.

Politics out of  
Parliament.

On Friday week a very important deputation from the London and North-Western Railway servants, and others, representing on the whole not far short of 100,000 of the best workmen in England, waited upon Lord SALISBURY to protest against being deprived of their liberty of contract by the Employers' Liability Bill. Lord KIMBERLEY had previously refused to see the deputation, a course of

conduct which we trust will be remembered at the next elections. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was continuing his campaign at Bradford, and Sir WEST RIDGEWAY had at last consented to take the Isle of Man, and relieve Mr. MORLEY of the terror of his presence in "the Castle." For "an honest man in the closet" is in some cases inconvenient to a degree, and in a manner, which good Dr. CAIUS, when he used the phrase, never dreamt of.

On Monday Lord SALISBURY set out for his Welsh visit, and the workmen who had visited him *in re* Employers' Liability waited on the Duke of ARGYLL, as they did later on the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

In Wednesday morning's papers appeared reports of the Conference of the National Union of Conservative Associations at Cardiff, and of Lord SALISBURY'S address to them. In this the late Prime Minister acknowledged the interference of the Government in the Coal Strike with a generosity which would certainly not have been shown on the other side, made a somewhat gloomy survey of foreign affairs lead up to a vigorous protest in favour of maintaining the strength of the navy, ridiculed the Parish Councils Bill, and then proceeded to scarify and pickle Ministers on the subject of their policy in general and particular, ending with a vivid picture of what Home Rule would mean to Cardiff.

Next day Lord SALISBURY did various small tasks at Cardiff and Newport, made a graceful reference to his pleasure at finding his name once more coupled with that of "Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE," roasted Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL, *à petit feu* and most artistically, for his famous "Death-to-the-squire-and-parson" speech, pointed out that the chief certain result of the Parish Councils Bill would be an increase of the rates, and generally said things which, we regret to observe, annoyed Gladstonians very much.

At the meeting between Mr. FOWLER and the representatives of the Corporation, on Thursday, the Minister was moderate in tone, but his attitude as to "unification" was surely untenable. Until Parliament has decided that this operation is to be effected *quand même*, it is useless to talk of it as a question merely of means, and settled. Settled by whom? By a set of "temporaries" who are here for our sins to-day, and may be removed by the mercy of Providence to-morrow?

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. Yesterday week the GIOLITTI Ministry resigned, the opening of the Chambers having been followed by the unfavourable report of the Investigation Committee into the Banca Romana scandals. It was hoped that the ball would return to the feet of Signor CRISPI, a statesman neither faultless nor heaven-sent, perhaps, but certainly the strongest man in Italy. There was little else of moment in the news of last Saturday.

The foreign and colonial news of Monday was rather full, though there may have been no one feature of the very first importance. The French Cabinet had fallen not quite unexpectedly—the continuance of any French Cabinet is a daily renewed miracle—but, to say the least, theatrically, considering the glories of the Russian alliance and the stately programme of last week. Yet the stately programme was, it seems, the cause of it. M. DUPUY had forgotten the great precept not to blow the horn before drawing the sword. M. CARNOT had, if anything, sided with the more Radical members of the Cabinet, and, as the man says in *Wallenstein*, "es ist misslungen." In India the preponderance of expert evidence as to the beneficial effects of opium was more striking than ever; it may almost be said that, up to this time, there has been absolutely *no* testimony on the other side, except that of missionaries with their minds made up beforehand. The Mahomedans of the

Punjab had decided to have nothing to do with the half-mischievous, half-futile institution called the Indian National Congress. Hungarian particularism had been gratified by the restoration of the "Gentle-men of the Banner," a title so nice that no objection can reasonably be taken to its revival. Italy was crying for its CRISPI. Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS had undertaken the charge of the Melilla campaign, which is a piece of real patriotism on the Marshal's part, for few triumphs wait on the victor in such a business, while failure, or only partial success, is damaging. M. TRICOURIS had observed, with a frankness no doubt charming to the creditors of Greece, that that country could not pay her debts in full, but would do what she could; and the remains of Prince ALEXANDER, sometime of Bulgaria, had been magnificently received in his former capital.

There was still little or no positive news from Matabeleland on Tuesday. A part-explanation of the strange explosion at Rio, which proved so fatal to English sailors a month ago, was at last received. It appeared that the exploding magazine was a Government one which, having fallen into the possession of the insurgents, was being very carelessly emptied of its contents, and left half guarded the while by its captors. The *Javary* had really sunk, but in consequence of the starting of her plates by the concussion of her own guns (the *Chinoiserie* of these modern men-of-war!), not by the enemy's fire. Both France and Italy were Cabinetless, and it was thought by some that the part played by M. CARNOT in M. DUPUY'S fall would not much facilitate his acquisition of a new Ministry. The German Budget showed an exact tally; but Count VON CAPRIVI had received an infernal machine. A new Tariff Bill had been introduced into the United States Ways and Means Committee, knocking off duties to the estimated amount of some fifty million dollars.

In Wednesday's papers divers native doctors of repute added their testimony *in re* opium to the confusion of missionary folly. The newly enfranchised women of New Zealand had been exercising their privileges amid "considerable excitement." M. CARNOT had been sending for a large number of the male adult population of France without prevailing on any to live with him and be his Prime Minister. In Italy Signor ZANARDELLI had undertaken an ungrateful and, in all probability, but a makeshift task. It was rumoured from Berlin that the EMPEROR as well as his CHANCELLOR had been honoured by a "present from Orleans for a good German" in the shape of a box of radish seed, *alias* dynamite, which, said the sender humourously, if heterographically, "*ne craint pas la gélée.*"

It appeared on Thursday morning that M. SPULLER, a henchman of GAMBETTA, but with no ill record as a Foreign Minister, had undertaken the extremely thorny task of making a Ministry in France. The Russian Government, with Slav appreciation of the value of blarney, had laid down the keel of a new ironclad to be called the *Paris*—a name which somehow makes us think of an island called Dominica.

By yesterday it was known that M. SPULLER had failed (some said because he was too little Anglophobe), but would enter the Ministry as a subordinate of the coy M. CASIMIR-PERIER, who had yielded at last, after three approaches, to the equivalent on M. CARNOT'S part of the threat (a favourite one with not the noblest class of suitors) of Presidential suicide. There was little other news of distinctness or importance.

Ireland. At the beginning of the present week a rather mysterious affair or group of affairs—the discovery of a box of dynamite, which had missed fire, near the barracks, the arrest of a person with



detonators on him, and the murder of a suspected dynamiter—occurred in Dublin.

**The Law Courts.** We are glad to see that some protest has been made against the very harsh language addressed by the Highgate magistrates to a clergyman who had prosecuted a laundress for pawning linen. If these "exlent beaks" had been a little more expert and a little less philanthropic, they would have known that this dishonest practice is too often a regular one with the interesting *lavandière*, and is the real explanation of most of those mysterious delays and losses "at the wash" which so do vex the British housewife. It may also be suggested to their worships that, to a nice and fastidious taste, the custody of the pawnbroker, with the fellowship of his wares, is not the ideal one for garments.

On Wednesday the Court of Appeal sustained the doctrine of sovereign rights in the case of *MIGHELL v. the Sultan of JOHORE*; and the intervention of the QUEEN'S Proctor in the CAREW divorce suit was, after a long hearing, withdrawn. Whereat, of course, divers good persons have railed at that official, forgetting that without him the Divorce Court would be—as the French Divorce Court, we believe, already is—a mere hotbed of collusion.

The HARNES case has been going on during the week; and the enormous ZIERENBERG libel suit, the hearing of which was suspended by the Long Vacation, began again to run its course.

**Coal.** At the end of last week Scotland was indulging in a small strike, as a sort of "tiger" to the great English one. London prices had reached almost their normal winter's level in not very cheap times, and Lord ROSEBURY had sent an important *communiqué*, denying that anything had been agreed on outside the printed terms of settlement. This at once disposes of Mr. PICKARD, and the minimum wage, and the "Victory of Labour."

The Scotch Coal Strike (which, as it comes from a demand for an extra shilling a day, even our impudent minimum-wage advocates will hardly call a "lock-out") was rather severe at the opening of this week, some eighty per cent. of the men in the West having gone out. In England the Miners' Federation were showing a bad spirit, exclaiming against "stacking" coal (they will probably soon insist that every householder shall buy so much coal every year, as others had to do with salt of old), and talking as if the minimum wage had not been dropped from the ROSEBURY agreement.

The "living-wage" people met on Wednesday, far from the cold shade of Deans and Abbeys, and fostered genially by Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL and the Holborn Town Hall. From the reports of the meeting in sympathizing journals, the speeches appear to have been very mischievous and very unmitigated nonsense. But we do not wonder that it howled down Mr. HENSON of Barking and Lord HUGH CECIL when they tried to talk sense to it. "Never throw a cold over your company" is a maxim which Mr. HENSON and Lord HUGH must have forgotten. And there is no cold so deadly chill as the cold of reason when it runs down the back of a fool who has just wit enough to suspect that he may possibly be one.

**Correspondence.** On Monday morning in the *Times* Mr. BANCROFT summed up a straggling correspondence which has been going on for some time between him and M. SARDOU.—Another was published which, till the Bishop explains, does not look creditable to the Bench, between Mr. E. N. BUXTON and the Bishop of LONDON as to the adulteration of beer.

**Ceremonies and Addresses.** Tuesday was a great day for functions. The PRINCE OF WALES, assisted by a great congregation of wigdom, presided at the founding of a new Chancery Bar Freemasons' Lodge at Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN (in the absence through ill health of Mr. BALFOUR) was the chief speaker at the unveiling of the LOWELL Memorial in the Chapter House at Westminster, and warmly eulogized his subject. Vice-Admiral COLOMB delivered a lecture on "Coal-ing Stations" at Aldershot, and Mr. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN one at the Colonial Institute on Matabeleland. Princess CHRISTIAN opened a new Free Library in Walworth.

The two chief functions of St. Andrews Day in London, the anniversaries of the Royal Society and of the Scottish Corporation, passed off with success on Thursday, Lord KELVIN being *ex officio* the President of the first, and Lord ROBERTS (an interesting importation, but a citizen of Scotland by this time a hundred times dyed) of the second.

**London Government.** The slackness of "Moderates" in County Council elections was ill shown this day week, when the seat for North Islington, vacated by Dr. GRIGSBY (rewarded for his labours), was kept by the Progressives by fourteen votes only. And it is pretty safe to say that there were fourteen hundred "Moderates" who might have voted if they would have taken the trouble.

**Racing.** After some minor racing at Warwick in the earlier part of last week, the "legitimate" flat racing season came to an end at Manchester with two important races on Friday and Saturday last. The first, the Lancashire Handicap, was fought for by nineteen horses, at least half of which were of good quality, and won by Colonel NORTH's Lady Hermit, after a pretty close race with Lady Hallé and Macready.

Saturday's race, the Manchester November Handicap, was still more valuable and interesting. Twenty ran for it, including La Flèche, who, carrying 9 st. 11 lbs., was made joint favourite, at 5 to 1, with Aborigine, who carried 45 lbs. less. Nearly a dozen horses had a fair chance, the best perhaps, on paper, being Cereza, who was in at 7 st. 4 lbs. The weight was too much for Baron HIRSCH's fine mare, who finished sixth, with Cereza in front of her. In the end, Mr. PEACOCK's Golden Drop took the race very easily from Simonian and Son of a Gun, each of whom had, at one point or other of the mile and three-quarters, looked like winning.

**Miscellaneous.** There were at the end of last week and the beginning of this possibly unjust, but certainly unpleasant, complaints of misconduct on the part of certain lifeboat crews during the recent gale. An Antarctic expedition was mooted at the Geographical Society on Monday.

**Obituary.** Mr. WEST, Attorney-General for the Duchy of Lancaster, and Recorder of Manchester, was well known as a lawyer, and at one time as a member of Parliament.—The politics of Mr. KENELM DIGBY were bad; but the man was good, and, indeed, so much too good for his politics that, after sitting for some time as a Home Ruler, he was turned out for coarser instruments. He was the son of one of the most curious and interesting figures of the century, in a certain way, the author of the *Broad Stone of Honour*.—Captain HENRY CHETWYND had for many years been an official, and latterly the chief inspector, of the National Lifeboat Institution, and had done excellent work.—Sir ARCHIBALD ORR EWING was a mighty man in "Turkey red" and suchlike things, and a Scotch Tory member of Parliament for all but a quarter of a century.—Mr. A. L. BRUCE, a partner in the famous firm of YOUNGER, was a very prominent Edinburgh man, a great philanthropist, son-in-law of LIVINGSTONE, one of the founders of the Imperial British East Africa Company, and a very staunch Liberal-Unionist.—As for Sir JOHN DRUMMOND HAY, he belonged to the rarest,

but most valuable, class of what some susceptibilities require us to call "Great Britons and Irishmen," a class never, we trust, likely to be found wanting among us, though their powers are just now terribly cramped and crippled by democracy, the telegraph, and other inventions of AHRIMAN. For more than forty years Sir JOHN, first as Attaché, then as Consul-General, and lastly as Minister and Envoy in Morocco, maintained the influence and preponderance of England with extraordinary skill and success.—Sir ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM, K.C.I.E., was an old Indian servant of the Crown, a good soldier, and a very great archaeologist indeed.

Books, &c. Two books of great, though very different, interest have appeared this week—Sir HERBERT MAXWELL's generous *Life of Mr. W. H. Smith* (BLACKWOOD), and a reprint of the famous illustrated TENNYSON of 1857 (MACMILLAN). Of the former fuller account will appear elsewhere; the latter it is a pleasure to notice here. Comparing it narrowly with an old copy, the only differences we can perceive are a slight alteration in the face of the type, and the substitution of white paper for the yellow-toned medium which was popular thirty years ago, and which already shows some signs of "foxing." The charming illustrations are excellently rendered, and hardly at all the worse for wear—especially in the case of those admirable designs of ROSSETTI's which have scarcely been surpassed in their kind, and the originals of some of which, by the way, are at this moment on view at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition.—The new S. C. A. P. A., which deserves sympathy not only because of its excellent aim (which may be briefly described as that of extending the law of nuisance to advertisements), but because of its goodly initials (almost as agreeable as those of the Association For Roasting A Senior Proctor Gratis), has made an excellent start with its new magazine, *A Beautiful World*. Before the earth is made beautiful again some of us will be under it; but that is no reason for not supporting the Society, which can be done for half a crown a year or a guinea for life.

#### LORD SALISBURY IN SOUTH WALES.

LORD SALISBURY'S first and principal speech at Cardiff derived especial interest from the novelty and abundance of the texts with which recent events have supplied him. It is true that his speeches seldom fail in originality of treatment, even when his materials are none of the newest; but they naturally gain in freshness and force when circumstances and his opponents have been as kind to him as they have since he last addressed a popular audience. For, since then, Parliament has met, Ministers have blundered into the thick of the Parish Councils Bill, the ludicrous failure of the agitation against the House of Lords has fully declared itself, the Government have been brought to book over the condition of the navy, and Mr. MORLEY has spoken unadvisedly with his lips. All this new matter is, of course, very agreeable handling for a speaker of Lord SALISBURY'S peculiar gift, and he used it in a way which has caused considerable writhing in Gladstonian circles. His victims appear to have felt his thrusts the more keenly from the fact of his having saluted them gracefully over the settlement of the Coal Strike before falling on. We may applaud the compliments without too unreservedly approving of the precedent created by the step on which they were bestowed. But the ill grace with which the Gladstonians have in general received them reached, perhaps, its unworthiest pitch in the insinuation that Lord SALISBURY had purposely abstained from any reference by name to the President of the Masters' and Miners' Conference. Lord ROSESERY, who has a sense of humour,

and is, no doubt, fully aware of what his own contribution to the happy result amounts to, must have already found many occasions to smile at the fatuous laudations with which he has been overwhelmed; but he must feel more disgust than amusement at this attempt of a partisan to excite prejudice against an adversary for not having swelled the ignorant chorus with words of unmerited praise which, in the mouth of any man of sense and information, could not possibly be sincere.

That Lord SALISBURY'S outspoken remarks on the Parish Councils Bill should have provoked uneasy protest from some commentators who call, and perhaps believe, themselves Conservatives was only to be expected. His description of the measure, nevertheless, as one which has been brought into existence by no local need nor even any local demand, is strictly accurate; and the mere fact that it is the so-called "com-pletion" of a work which Conservatives never ought to have begun is no reason why its true character should not be assigned to it, even—since he has the frankness to do so—by the statesman who must, no doubt, bear the responsibility of putting the "completion" argument into the mouths of his adversaries. We would rather, of course, that Conservative statesmen should not pass laws which, besides being in themselves unwise and unnecessary, point the way to still more injurious legislative developments; but it is, at least, a sign of grace, and a promise of the avoidance of such errors in future, that they call these developments by their true names. It is certainly better than that they should feign contentment with mischievous growths of legislation for fear of provoking the reproach that they themselves have sown the seeds. No one, however, supposes that the feeling of the Gladstonian party towards the Parish Councils Bill is, in reality, very much warmer than Lord SALISBURY'S. If they are being kept labouring at it by their revered rider in much the same way as the unmanageable horse, according to Lord SALISBURY'S humorous comparison, is kept "galloping round a ploughed field," it is not because either the party or the Government have much belief in it. It is simply because Mr. GLADSTONE is at his wit's end what to be at. The one thing on which, in his obstinate infatuation with his Irish policy, he never calculated has actually happened. He counted, we have no doubt, on the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords. What he did not count on was its silent, but no less emphatic, rejection by the country. If the Session were wasted over a measure ultimately lost, he expected that at least he would be able to spend a profitable recess in "raising the people" against the House of Lords. With the disappointing discovery of the fact, not revealed to him—although previously quite well known to every one else—until after his elaborate indictment of the House of Lords on his way home from Scotland, bewilderment set in, amid which the one dimly visible hope of extrication from his difficulties seemed to him to lie in making up a "bag of boons" to take to the country, by convulsive efforts to cram the work of six months into as many weeks.

It is almost a pity, perhaps, that Lord SALISBURY did not devote more of his speech to a review of the Parliamentary situation. He would have found ample scope for his satirical powers in a survey of the progress, achieved and prospective, of the Parish Councils Bill, and in a conjectural estimate of the number of months of 1894 which it will take to pass it. Still we can understand the attractions for him of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and Mr. JOHN MORLEY—the former with his prophecies of re-introduction of the Home Rule Bill, backed by an indignant people in an autumn Session, and the latter with his vapouring menaces of the



House of Lords as a body amenable not to "argument, reason, or discussion, but only to force." Certainly no one should understand the operation of this last-mentioned political agent better than Mr. MORLEY; for it can hardly have been by argument, reason, or discussion that he was brought to vote in 1893 for an arrangement with respect to Irish representation which he denounced in 1886 as intolerable. If it was not brought about by the application of that species of "force" which has been applied with such commanding success by certain Irish engineers to Mr. MORLEY's venerable chief, his movements in the direction of the Ministerial lobby in the divisions on the 9th Clause of the Home Rule Bill must be taken as establishing the metaphysical paradox of an effect without a cause. It is, however, a little audacious on Mr. MORLEY's part to declaim after this against the Lords for yielding only to force, and still more so to suggest that force should be brought to bear upon them in order to dislodge them from the position which he himself occupied in 1886, and which he has never vouchsafed a syllable of justification for abandoning.

The general character of Ministerial legislation did not escape Lord SALISBURY's caustic comment, if he passed somewhat briefly over the Parliamentary situation, and had little to say about the condition of public business. Both at the luncheon on Wednesday and at his speech at Newport the same afternoon, he carried on, with much vigour and effect, the work of friendly criticism which he had begun at Cardiff. His further remarks on the Parish Councils Bill, and on the obvious fact that the extension of local self-government to the parishes has its sole interest for the Gladstonians in the opportunity it affords of "hounding various classes" against each other, were very much to the point; as also was his observation on the dominance of this form of malignant activity, and its continuous ministration to the work of personal advancement throughout the whole of Mr. GLADSTONE's career. Nor need any one ask for a more compendious and effective statement of this case, from history, justice, and policy against the Thirty Thieves who have vowed themselves to the spoliation of the Church in Wales than Lord SALISBURY set before his hosts of the Cardiff Conservative Association. We wish we could share his belief that the "days of the stump are numbered," and that the time is approaching when political opinion will be formed by the interchange of views in private intercourse rather than by platform orations. Unfortunately, however, this presupposes an increase in the proportion which political "opinion," properly so called, bears to the total mass of sentiment, passion, or whatever we choose to call it, which really determines the result of elections. At no time has reasoned political opinion been formed, or even much affected, by platform oratory; at no time has this mass of sentiment, passion, or whatever we choose to call it, been formed or affected by anything else. If the stump is to wither, and the home, the club, the debating society to become "more and more," this can only happen through a corresponding increase of the number of electors with whom politics is a matter of reasoned conviction, and a decrease of those with whom it is a mere response of the instincts—usually of the baser instincts—to the appeal of some professional agitator. We wish, as we have said, that we could see the proportions of these two classes varying as Lord SALISBURY sees them. To us, we confess, the tendency to variation seems to set in exactly the opposite direction.

#### ASHAMED TO BEG.

THERE was a venerable anecdote, supposed in its day to illustrate the superiority of English justice over the commodity supplied in that name in the neighbouring country of France, which told how an English traveller was haled before somebody in the nature of a judge, in the matter of a disputed claim preferred against him by a native. The judge satisfied himself as to the identity of the parties, and the fact that the claim had been made, and then delivered judgment by addressing the defendant in the words, "Vous êtes riche. Il est pauvre. Payez!" We deeply regret to record that a bench of magistrates in the county of Middlesex has shown its intelligence, fairness, and general fitness for the discharge of its duties to be about on a par with those of the alleged French magistrate.

The facts were these. Mrs. POUNTNEY seems to have been a person ready to take in washing on occasion. Mr. POUNTNEY "represented" to Mr. MILES, the Vicar of his parish, that he was "in great distress," and Mr. MILES, who appears to be a charitably disposed clergyman, lent him money "on a written agreement that it was to be paid back out of the washing money." In order to enable the POUNTNEYS to redeem their debt, Mr. MILES very kindly sent sheets and table-cloths from his house to be washed by Mrs. POUNTNEY. That intelligent and grateful person pawned six sheets and six table-cloths, and pocketed the money. Mr. MILES thought—and his churchwarden and two sidesmen agree with him—that further charity or indulgence would be misplaced, and, in pursuance of his legal right, prosecuted the woman for the theft before the magistrates at Highgate. The facts were not disputed, but "the defendant said she was very sorry. She did it through sheer starvation. She had no money to go on with, and had to pay for coals." Thieves so seldom tell the truth that this is likely to have been a lie; but let us assume that it was true. The Chairman of the Bench was a Mr. BODKIN, and he is reported to have said to the prosecutor:—"She says her children were shoeless, and crying for food." The Vicar said he did not wish to press for punishment, and a Mr. HOMAN (one of the magistrates) said, "Better to have relieved the poor woman, I should have thought." The Vicar naturally made some protest; admitting, in answer to a question from the Bench, "It is perfectly true that they are poor." Finally, the sapient Mr. BODKIN said to him, "Probably you have never been in the position of having your children crying for food. You do not know what temptation is in such cases." The woman was fined a shilling, with the alternative of one day's imprisonment, and if, as seems probable, the sentence of imprisonment was technically over before it had begun, it is not likely that the fine was paid.

The day after the report of these scandalous proceedings was published, the already mentioned churchwarden and two sidesmen of Mr. MILES's parish thought it necessary to write to the *Times* declaring that Mr. MILES had treated the woman POUNTNEY with great kindness and forbearance, and had considered the prosecution necessary by way of example. As far as concerns Messrs. BODKIN and HOMAN no such explanation was necessary. They seem not to know that their business is to administer law, and not to censure other people, upon information which must necessarily be incomplete, for not giving money to rogues. The shoelessness and crying of the children were no possible excuse to Mrs. POUNTNEY for stealing the Vicar's linen. There is the workhouse, where every improvident person who has chosen to bring children into the world without the means of supporting them can have them clothed and fed at other people's expense. To do so—in the absence of some special misfortune—is, no doubt, to be a beggar, and to have

cause for shame. But to be ashamed to beg, yet not ashamed to steal, is absurd; and for magistrates to encourage such distorted ideas of right and wrong is monstrous. The little POUNTNEYS might have incurred some discredit by being the children of a woman reduced to beg from the public for their support. As it is, they incur decidedly more by being the children of a thief, and an ungrateful thief to boot. Let alone the insults which, by the abuse of their authority, the magistrates presumed to offer to Mr. MILES, they did their utmost to convey the general impression that, in a country crammed with workhouses, relieving officers, and policemen—to say nothing of charitable individuals and institutions—and loaded with rates largely spent in charity, it is legitimate to steal when you are hungry or idle. If all county and borough magistrates behaved like these men of Highgate, it would be time to put Mr. ALPHEUS MORTON at the head of an agitation for abolishing them altogether, and substituting stipendiaries acquainted with the rudiments of their duty.

#### MR. ASQUITH'S SECOND INTENTIONS.

THE question whether a chimera, buzzing in a vacuum, can devour second intentions is said to have been much discussed by the schoolmen. It is, we believe, still unsolved. The converse of the implied proposition is true, as we have recently had evidence. Second intentions, disporting themselves in the skull of Mr. ASQUITH, have made short work of the chimera which was buzzing there very busily a fortnight or three weeks ago. The HOME SECRETARY had prohibited, without giving any reasons at all, though he imprudently gave bad reasons in his reply to Mr. DARLING last Tuesday, a meeting which certain Anarchists proposed to hold to-morrow in Trafalgar Square. He allowed a meeting of the same sect to be held there on November 12th, and gave subsequently a very lame apology for his permission. The meeting was conceded, at the instigation of a certain Mr. WITT, to the Friends of Freedom Group, who, as they had the candour to avow, had selected Bloody Sunday, the anniversary of the day of martyrdom, to commemorate the murder of the Chicago Anarchists, under the forms of law, in 1887. The speaking, appropriately enough, was of a gory and murderous character. One of the orators, referring with approval to the Barcelona massacre, intimated that something of the same kind might be expected before very long in England. At a meeting the day before there was a counterfeit presentment of Mr. ASQUITH, hanging from a gallows, with this super-, or possibly subscription, "ASQUITH, the murderer." Mr. ASQUITH, who, to give him the credit which may be his due, does not seem wanting in the nerve which a Home Secretary should have, took the personal compliment very coolly. It might not, he intimated, be in good taste; but we must remember he is not a Minister of good taste, nor, indeed, if the office existed, can we readily think of any member of the present Government with marked qualifications for it. As to the suggestion of memorizing another Barcelona in England, Mr. ASQUITH had his answer ready. This sort of talk "was simply blowing off the steam." It "acted as a 'safety-valve.'" The only danger was in not allowing speeches of the kind complained of. They ought, indeed, on Mr. ASQUITH's principles, to be positively encouraged. But this would apply just as much to Mr. STEPHENS'S effusions in the *Commonwealth* on which Mr. ASQUITH justifies his prohibition of to-morrow's meeting.

It was the prayer of PAUL LOUIS COURIER to be delivered *du matin et de la métaphore*. We should

have thought that the evil spirit would scarcely have succeeded in tempting Mr. ASQUITH with such metaphors as the safety-valve and blowing off the steam. Together with the thin end of the wedge, they have been long worn out. Perhaps, if we cannot escape metaphors, the speeches to which he applied this illustration might rather be compared to the sparks from a foul chimney or the funnel of a steamer, which have sometimes been known to set things on fire. His whole theory—the safety-valve and letting off the steam theory—of public meeting rests upon a confusion of thought. The mere effervescence of an undetermined excitement may often do little mischief. The politician, whether Prime Minister or member of the Freedom group, who simply unpacks his heart with words, may relieve himself, though in unseemly fashion, without doing much harm to others. But the commemoration of the Anarchist murderers of Chicago, the suggestion of the hanging of a Home Secretary, and the intimation of Barcelona outrages impending over England, substitute specific images, appealing directly to the senses of ignorant and excitable people, for a mere abstract disaffection which has little or no hold on them. Their reason is weak. Their imagination is easily mastered by coarse appeals to it. The mere picture or description of a thing done creates an impulse to do it, which acts upon the nervous system almost independently of the will. The dynamite crimes, like other crimes, are quite as much mechanically imitative as deliberately contrived with a distinct political aim. They are perpetrated by people who are often little more than criminal automata. The sort of atmosphere which is created by such speeches as those which Mr. ASQUITH tolerated three weeks ago is favourable to the conversion of a hazy and undefined discontent and anger into distinctively criminal purpose and action, framing itself on the example of the dynamiters who are held up to admiration as avenging heroes. Mr. ASQUITH sees this now, though he has not the candour to admit, except by conduct more conclusive than words, that he sees it.

#### A NEW METHOD WITH HISTORY.

SOME time ago an English historian's attention was drawn to a new method of original historical research. A professional fortune-teller, or some such person, has, when in a clairvoyant condition, enjoyed the advantage of interviewing ANNE BOLEYN. What the historical results were—whether ANNE confessed that the illustrious Reformer, her husband, served her right or not—we do not pretend to know. But it is plain that, if there were only a grain of truth in the pretensions of clairvoyants, history would become a study much more vivid and Macaulayese. We could not, of course, believe what the characters said any more than of old; but their costume and personal appearance and little ways might all be reproduced in a popular and exciting manner. Indeed, there seems no reason why the seeress of ANNE BOLEYN should not give us a set of "Dead Celebrities at Home" once a week. This brightly pictorial literature would be at least a pleasant change from the usual jockeys, singers, sculptors, authors, and other advertising characters "at home."

As it chances, we have at least one good example of a clairvoyant interview with historical characters. We do not ask the reader's belief for what follows, both because we do not believe in it ourselves, and also because it tends to throw a stain on the ermine-like purity of MARY STUART. Mr. SKELTON will not, we fancy, accept it as evidence. Nor do we. But what strikes us is the clearness and crispness, as it were, of the information gained by turning a clairvoyant on to the past. The authority is the Dr. GREGORY who



was so well known in connexion with the mesmerism of Dr. ELLIOTSON's time. According to Dr. GREGORY, what happened was more or less this, that a certain Major BUCKLEY mesmerized a young officer, to whom he lent his ring. This was a "medallion" (cameo?) of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. The seer said it was very valuable; had belonged, when differently set, to MARY Queen of Scots, and had been given to her by a musician. He then "saw" the musician's signature, which was RIZZIO. Next he began to copy a small imaginary vellum document, containing a diamond cross, which was "worn out of sight by MARY. The "vellum has been shown in the House of Lords." This is a weak point in the new method of treating history. Was the Westminster Commission on the Casket Documents intended, or the "sighting" of the contents of the Casket, as described by MORTON, or the exhibition of the papers before the Scotch Parliament or Privy Council? That MARY should wear concealed a diamond cross given by RIZZIO is certainly not an additional testimonial to her honesty, though we know not if RIZZIO did more than convey the cross, perhaps, from the Pope. The vellum contained the letters:—"Vous aimez par . . . Vous êtes bonne." After *par* came a spot of green mould on the document as "seen," and the reading *parce que* is suggested. The vellum and the diamonds, unluckily, are "in the wall of a stone building erected before the reign of Elizabeth. It is now in ruins and used as a farmhouse. There is a place of concealment in the wall, "opened by an iron spring; you push in a small stone "near it. There are many valuable things there."

Thus the method may put us on the trace of actual documents. But what was Major BUCKLEY about? Why did he not make his young officer describe the exact bearings of the farmhouse where the Queen's secret diamond cross and the amorous document of RIZZIO are lying? Here the Major had his hand on certainly the most extraordinary of historical discoveries, but he let it go by without a thought, without an effort. His seer maundered on about the antique ring, the ANTONY and CLEOPATRA medallion. He declared that MARY only wore it for a single day. Then, as she was being carried "in a kind of bed with "curtains" (probably a horse litter), "a man took it "off her finger in jealousy and anger, and threw it into a "water." The man, of course, would be DARNLEY; but was MARY likely to be carried in a litter? True, she was about to become the mother of JAMES VI.; but, as she showed when she escaped after RIZZIO's murder, she was still capable of riding all day long at high speed. In ordinary circumstances, however, the litter would have been appropriate. The young officer, not being asked, apparently, to identify the piece of water as the Water of Leith, that picturesque stream, now went into an account of RIZZIO's murder, and saw DARNLEY seize the Queen by the hair. But all this he could have got up out of books; the gifts of RIZZIO, the spotted vellum, the scene in the litter and by the stream, are more like real glimpses of the past.

A mere literary person, telling this prodigious tale, would naturally have consulted history. Did RIZZIO make any valuable presents to the Queen which can still be traced? he would ask; and is anything known of mysterious diamonds like those which, according to the young officer, MARY wore concealed? Being a man of science, Dr. GREGORY, naturally, made no such historical researches. A story was a story, to his mind. Not being trammelled by his limitations, we have consulted the *Inventory of Queen Mary's Jewels*, edited by JOSEPH ROBERTSON for the Bannatyne Club. In 1566, before the birth of her son, but after RIZZIO's murder, the Queen made a will, bequeathing her treasures to various persons. To young JOSEPH RIZZIO, a boy of eighteen, she bequeathed—"Que son fière

"m'avoyt done (*sic*) une enseigne garnye de dix rubis "en tortue, avec une perle."

Thus the Italian musician did make her valuable presents. As to diamonds, she ordered that a jewel of twenty-one diamonds, "tant grands que petis," was to be handed to JOSEPH RIZZIO, and by him given to a person whom she had named to him—the name she would not write. These arrangements fell through, of course, as the Queen did not die, and we do not know what became of this mysterious jewel, any more than we know the person for whom the Queen intended it. This little mystery lay between Her Majesty and the brother of RIZZIO. Dr. GREGORY's story, of which we have given but the outlines, is not so much mysterious as characteristic of the time when it was written, as indeed are the other stories in the book, such as that of the balloons, and that of Crystal-seen Jew.

#### MR. LABOUCHERE ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE extraordinary outburst with which Mr. LABOUCHERE on Tuesday regaled a House of Commons as weary as BLAKE's sunflower of "counting "the steps" of the Parish Councils Bill really requires a little explanation. What is the word of the enigma of Mr. LABOUCHERE's wrath with the British South Africa Company? As to purely philanthropic sympathy with the woes of the gentle aborigin, neither Mr. LABOUCHERE's vices nor his virtues that way lie. He is neither saint enough, nor fool enough, nor (for a third plea) sufficiently ignorant of the facts to be greatly concerned for the fate of some very valiant savages who lived by the assegai and have died by the Maxim. He knows, if some of his friends do not, that no throat for hundreds of leagues round Matabeleland was safe from these, as we have said, very valiant, but also very murderous, heroes, unless the hand that belonged to the said throat was as stout and as wisely guided as the hands of the Bechuanas of Lake Ngami and King KHAMA's Bamangwatos. He is not likely—we make him a present of this compliment—to feel any of the foolish or generous qualms which some feel as to the precise manner of their taking off. And he is certainly not likely to be annoyed (as we, for instance, are) at the appearance of forcing the hands of the QUEEN'S Government, and ignoring the QUEEN'S authority, which some of the acts of Mr. RHODES's satellites have worn. Can it be the other way—that the mere chance of the Empire, even with scant reverence to the Imperial authorities, being enlarged is the pill that Mr. LABOUCHERE cannot swallow? Can it be the horrible taint of nobility, and even of something akin to Royalty, that infests this pestilent Company? Is this the cause? Or is there a nearer one yet, and a dearer one? Something there must be to make Mr. LABOUCHERE "beg to say that it is a scandalous action "of the honourable gentleman to support such a "wretched, rotten, bankrupt set of murderers and "marauders as the Chartered Company."

We regret these eccentricities because they tend to obscure a really important question. We can forgive those who read such frantic folly as Mr. LABOUCHERE's, and go away thinking "Oh, the other fellows must be "right!" Nay, as it is impossible for any human being to escape a slight share of humanity, we own that Mr. LABOUCHERE nearly makes even us forget Mr. RHODES's gift to Mr. LABOUCHERE's dear friend, Mr. PARNELL. But these miserable personalities ought not to influence the decision of great national questions. The South African business has now come, not certainly perhaps—for to us, at least, it seems that LOBENGULA may have a good deal more fighting in him than those heroes of the Company who "decline "to march further without rations" suppose—but

very possibly, to a point which has been foreseen all along by cool observers, and which is of the utmost importance. Sooner or later the entire territory south of the Zambesi will be thrown open to colonization; and it rests entirely with those who have the management of affairs to-day whether the colonization is to be English or Afrikaner. Let us not deceive ourselves about the matter. There are good people going about and saying, "Oh, it doesn't matter; back up the Company, and all will be well. The Transvaal is being rapidly Anglicized. RHODES has Imperial instincts. The Boers are not such bad fellows. Why stir up old quarrels?"

It does matter. The Englishman at home never will understand that the English colonist is very much like himself—a person with businesslike instincts, perfectly conversant with the exact relation between fine words and parsnips, and not often actuated by fine or romantic motives. To speak plainly, we have behaved badly to the Cape colonists over and over again; the last, and worst, occasion being that of the miserable Transvaal Convention. Small blame to them if they have, to a great extent, thrown in their lot with the Afrikaner party. And the non-English constituents of this Afrikaner party are the most troublesome elements that we have ever had to deal with—Dutch, French Huguenots, Germans—men who are near enough to the English in race or religion to be our worst enemies, and who a century and a quarter ago furnished some of our most troublesome rebels in America. To keep the Company's territory as a *Reichsland*, to keep it out of the clutch and influence of these men, to keep it English, should be the *hoc age* of every wise Englishman to-day.

#### THE REAL LIVING WAGE.

THE unwillingly adjourned Jerusalem Chamber Conference has contrived to wind itself up at the Holborn Town Hall. There was the mixture of maudlin irreverence in the speeches which was to be expected. It was worthy of the persons and occasion that, when Lord HUGH CECIL desired to speak in opposition to the resolution, the meeting would not hear him, "owing to the lateness of the hour," though it found time to listen to a string of such as abounded in its own sense. This is the version of the good Radical papers. The *Standard* says that he was unable to proceed owing to the impatience of the meeting—so much depends on how a thing is put. Substantially the two accounts agree, that the Conference would not listen to dissent from its opinion—a fact which may be taken into account with others in estimating its authority. Alderman G. W. E. RUSSELL, Under-Secretary of State for India, who appeared in his favourite and popular part of private member, speaking for himself, quoted two passages from Dr. PUSEY. They show that Dr. PUSEY, as became a priest and a good man, argued that the payment of Poor-rates does not relieve a Christian from the obligation to practise charity. Nothing can be more true or less apposite to the questions what is meant by a living wage? and how is any sum fixed upon as answering to the description to be obtained if the trade will not bear it?

The dealings of the Conference with these two points need not detain us, for it said nothing about them. An economist, or at least a Professor, had been secured who spoke, and is said by the Radical papers to have proved, that the living wage is a definite and attainable thing. Professor CUNNINGHAM asserted that the living wage was a good thing and no new thing, but Professor CUNNINGHAM did not explain what he meant. It is not absolutely impossible for a person called an economist to

use loose terms and make vague assertions. Then there was a great deal of pious talk about Christianity and of what a noble thing it is to assert that there ought to be a living wage, that it ought to be paid, and that it will come from somewhere if it is only summoned with faith. This kind of windy talk is the stock-in-trade of a known stamp of ecclesiastical persons—ranging from Popes to tub-thumpers—intent on seeing whether they cannot lead Universal Suffrage. They have come to the conclusion that there is more in it than preaching charity. It is easier to persuade A that B should pay C high wages than to induce A to give of his own to C, and C to bear a hard lot with patience.

The real interest of the Conference lay in the force with which the very unsentimental aims of the Trade-Union broke through the gabble of the sentimentalists, which is as easily put on as the ornaments of the cheap buck or the gaudy adjectives of the Radical journalist—and about as valuable. Professor CUNNINGHAM pointed out that with a minimum wage there would be no starvation for such workmen as obtained work. Alderman the Rev. FLEMING WILLIAMS put the dots on the Professor's "i's." He cited the case of Northampton, where a minimum wage has been fixed with beneficent results, including the throwing out of "incompetent" workmen. When asked from the Hall about the unemployed, he replied that there were many in that borough, but he did not consider them fit to earn good wages. Their extrusion seemed a small matter to Mr. WILLIAMS, and apparently to the other emotional ecclesiastical persons in the Hall. Now, unlike the slovenly rhetoric of the other organizers of labour boasting themselves to be Christians, this way of talking means something. It is an assertion of the Trade-Union determination to secure a high wage by obtaining a monopoly of labour, which, again, is to be done by excluding all "incompetent" workmen. Incompetent in this connexion means all men who could not be admitted into the Union without overstocking the market. Behind the Cross stands the Devil, says the Spaniard. Behind the Christian organization of labour stands the Trade-Union, burning to repeat its Australian achievements. We quite understand why it uses the Christian organization as a stalking-horse. Why the organization chooses to be used we could explain if it were worth while. Perhaps it thinks that the success of these principles will afford greater scope for the exercise of charity by increasing the number of "incompetent" who will be very fit objects for the exercise of that virtue. The pious Mahomedan maintains slavery because it is a virtuous act to free the slave.

#### DYNAMITE IN DUBLIN.

IT argues either great magnanimity of character or a more than Irish confusion of ideas on the part of the Amnesty Association to have published an appeal for funds to defend Mr. J. SHERIDAN, who is in custody charged with having explosives in his possession. Now, Mr. SHERIDAN may or may not be guilty of the offence with which he is charged; and of course at any time before his conviction thereof it is technically open to benevolent persons to subscribe for the defence without subjecting themselves to the imputation of sympathizing with the crimes of dynamiters. But the trouble is that the Amnesty Association only exists to procure the release of persons previously convicted of attempts or of conspiracy to commit the crimes in question; so that if Mr. SHERIDAN is innocent the Association have, as an Association, no special concern with the case; whereas if he is guilty they might be expected, if sincere in their protestations, to regard him in the



interest of their imprisoned clients with the strongest possible disfavour. No doubt the times are getting rather bad for intending bomb-throwers and mine-layers. Anarchists in general are a little under a cloud; as we can see by the fact that Mr. ASQUITH now recognizes it as sound Executive policy to seat himself firmly on that "safety valve" which he had told us a fortnight ago it was the highest statesmanship to leave open. So that the Amnesty Association may be excused for feeling some little uncertainty as to how exactly they shall shape their course. We can only hope that a speedy routing out of these vile reptiles from their dens in Dublin and elsewhere, and a summary riddance of them when routed out, may soon enable the Amnesty Association to see their way a little more clearly than they are able to do at present.

Thus far, however, there is not much light forthcoming on the recent disquieting incidents at Dublin. It is unfortunate, of course, for the prisoner SHERIDAN that the sudden, violent, and mysterious death of the man who was last seen in his company and was arrested with him should have followed so speedily on his own apprehension; but that cannot be helped. Even at the risk of increasing the suspicion which at present attaches to him, we feel bound to say that the sudden "taking-off" of REID—for the theory of suicide is quite inadmissible—presents every familiar feature of those crimes which are committed by conspirators to avenge the treachery of one of their number. Its general conformity to this type has been already pointed out in the Irish press by more than one commentator on the occurrence; and, seeing that the Dublin police appear to entertain no doubt as to REID's connexion with a secret society, we need hardly go out of our way just at present, at any rate, to consider the suggestion that he "shot himself with his left hand." Meanwhile, too, there is every appearance of a scare among a class of criminals whose unsuspected numbers are being usefully, if rather disquietingly, indicated by the effects of the panic which seems to have overtaken them. Explosives are being found scattered casually about in too many different parts of Dublin to allow us to suppose that that interesting city is in quite as satisfactory a condition as it ought to be under the rule of a Chief Secretary so universally respected by the enemies of the British connexion as Mr. MORLEY. On the whole, indeed, the public mind in this country should have been more or less prepared for the warning which has just been conveyed to them by one who, as lawyer and politician, probably "knows the ropes" in Ireland generally, and in the Irish capital in particular, as well as any man in the country. Speaking avowedly from his experiences in both capacities, Mr. CARSON declared, at an Oxford dinner the other night, that everybody who was acquainted with the history of Ireland and watched the recrudescence of crime from one period to another, knew that the outrages of the last few days were nothing more than a revival of the outrages of 1882, which culminated in the Phoenix Park murders. "It had happened over and over again in the history of Ireland that as soon as they relaxed the reins of Government, and the people thought that the administration of the law was weak, there was a renewal of crime." So says Mr. CARSON, and there certainly was never a case in which the judgment of unaided common sense is more likely to jump with that of the expert. Nor would it be too bold, perhaps, to hazard the conjecture that even the academic theorist as represented by Mr. MORLEY is, however unwillingly, drawing nearer and nearer to the same conclusion.

#### CRISES AND HALF-MEASURES.

THE new French Chamber has made all convenient haste to prove that it does not differ in any material respect from the old. M. DUPUY's Ministry was supported at the beginning of last week by a substantial majority. On Saturday it collapsed. Since then the greater part of a week has been spent in attempts on the part of the PRESIDENT to persuade some one to form a new Ministry, in intrigues among the Deputies in the lobbies, and at the end of so many efforts another stopgap has been constructed by the help of M. SPULLER. This is in every detail the history of crises in the late Chamber. To complete the likeness, it is "Republican concentration" which has ruined M. DUPUY's Cabinet, and will be, to judge by what is as yet known, the cause of the weakness of his successor. If Deputies and "Republican concentration" are what they were before, so are the PRESIDENT and the politicians who cherish the hope of succeeding him. M. CARNOT will not hear of a homogeneous Ministry drawn from the Moderate Republicans, and M. CASIMIR-PERIER has steadily refused to be tempted from the Presidency of the Chamber in order that he may be used up and so put out of the way as a candidate. The new Deputies, "espérances de la France, Gaulois et Frances," have taken quite kindly to the methods of the old. In short, French politics are, as they were, fertile in illustrations of the truth which lay slightly disguised in the philosophy of Mr. MUDDLE. They serve this purpose all the better because their crises occur in cycles of considerably less sweep than the revolutions in human affairs which formed the essential part of the system of that thoughtful warrant officer.

Seven months and a few days has been the space allowed to M. DUPUY in which to play the part of Prime Minister, between emerging from and returning to obscurity. Minute investigation leads to the discovery that there is some trifling novelty in the mere circumstances of his fall. His Ministry has not been upset by a vote. It fell to pieces by inherent rottenness before a vote could be taken. When this thirty-first Cabinet of the twenty-three-year-old Third Republic was formed, care was taken to pay the due measure of respect to Republican concentration. Portfolios were given to MM. PEYTRAL, VIETTE, and TERRIER, dim figures to the English observer, but approved good Radicals. The result of the general election having shown that a majority could be formed without the help of the Radicals, M. DUPUY was anxious to shed these now inconvenient colleagues before meeting the Chamber. But he met with resistance from M. CARNOT, who is understood to be unwilling to come to an open breach with the Radicals so near the date when he must be re-elected or cease from being President. Further, he did not meet support from his Moderate colleagues, who let M. CARNOT know that, if the Premier was recalcitrant, there would be no difficulty in finding a successor among themselves. It was decided to meet the Chamber, and obtain from it an expression of opinion before reconstructing the Ministry. This was the exact reverse of the policy advocated by M. DUPUY, who wished to meet the Chamber with a united Ministry and a definite programme; but he allowed himself to be overruled. The Cabinet met the Chamber as it was; but it has secured no expression of opinion, because the Radical members, who were aware they were to be shed, executed themselves, before a vote could be reached, by resigning, and letting their friends know that they had resigned. The Radicals hereupon decided that they could not be expected to take the trouble to vote against the mere trunk of a Cabinet; and so M. DUPUY and the Moderates resigned too.

As far as this crisis differs from other and earlier convulsions of the same kind, it would seem to be by

showing that French politicians are rather less capable of organization or discipline than they were before. The difficulty found in forming a new Ministry confirms that belief. M. DUPUY refused to undertake the work, and considering the treatment he had met with from his colleagues and the PRESIDENT, he is not greatly to be blamed. M. CASIMIR-PERIER, the lately elected President of the Chamber, on being applied to, declined, for three frivolous reasons which he stated, and one substantial reason which he did not state. M. CASIMIR-PERIER is in the running for President, and everybody knows that the end of a French Minister is to be used up. M. CASIMIR-PERIER would not for days leave the oyster-bed for a walk upon the sands, which would infallibly end in his being eaten, too probably without any tears but his own. M. RAYNAL also declined. Then M. SPULLER accepted. M. SPULLER is mainly known as the friend and faithful follower of GAMBETTA, whose policy he has continued to defend, which means that he is an Opportunist, an anti-Clerical, and a partisan of Republican concentration. If there were any security that the alternative to him will be something better, it would be a good thing that he has failed to form a Cabinet. Hostility to the Church and subservience to the Radicals have been the most obvious faults of all recent French Ministries. But it is far from certain what the alternative to M. SPULLER is to be. M. CASIMIR-PERIER has at last been persuaded or compelled to come out of the retreat which he hoped to enjoy till he could stand for the Presidency. In his own inimitable style, the *Times* Correspondent compares M. CASIMIR-PERIER to a gladiator impelled by the multitude towards the fate that awaits him. It is a somewhat martial image for so timid a politician; but it is certainly so far accurate that M. CASIMIR-PERIER has shown a marked reluctance to fight, except on compulsion from behind. We can feel no confidence in such a retiring champion. When M. CASIMIR-PERIER has formed his Cabinet (if he does succeed in forming one), we shall know whether Republican concentration is still in existence. In the meantime it is curious to see how unanimously all observers of French politics, native or foreign, agree that a man is not selected as Premier in France because he is thought to be capable of governing. A Minister in that country is a mere piece in a game put forward to be lost in the interest of somebody who is playing for position. So much is certain, but it is very difficult to find out who is the player, and what his game may be.

A very similar puzzle is presented at this moment by the Ministerial crisis in Italy. Why, one may ask, is Signor ZANARDELLI put forward as Premier? It can well be believed that the "greater part of the political community" at Rome has come to the conclusion that a "compromise and a postponement of difficulties is all that can be hoped for from any Cabinet formed by him." Signor CRISPI is the only politician in Italy who has the authority to form a capable Administration, or the proved ability to govern. It is most improbable that any Cabinet formed by Signor ZANARDELLI could enjoy more than a very transient existence. Italy has the great advantage that King HUMBERT has no interest in interfering in a Parliamentary crisis for the purpose of destroying the prospects of possible rivals for his place. It is, therefore, the less to understand why the present crisis is prolonged by obstinate efforts to avoid doing what it is obvious must ultimately be done. The only acceptable explanation of the spectacle presented both at Paris and at Rome is that the natural tendency of every assembly of several hundred persons to become a mob is unchecked in the case of foreign legislative assemblies by the traditions which still maintain some measure of discipline in

our own House of Commons. Universal suffrage has not yet worked its miracle. It has failed altogether to beget *not* after its own, and, being essentially mob, it produces mob. A species of blind instinct makes it potter with compromises and postponements which avert that evil day of "thorough" which will bring discipline—if it ever comes.

#### "NOT QUITE."

NO two words are more pregnant with hidden meaning. Pronounced against an individual, no sentence is more dreaded, more resented, or excites deeper feelings of hatred and revenge; for it is understood that those who fall under the ban of these words are without that atmospheric circle which may be described as "quite." It is a matter of special interest in these days to ask why these words should be considered so damning, and why the strongest and most self-asserting should tremble at their sound. For one reason, they are a test of the strongest friendship. The man who is pronounced "not quite a gentleman" finds that those he considers his best friends are often silent in his defence. To assert that "not quite" is "quite" may argue some density of perception in the defender, some taint of the same imperfection which obscures the vision, and it is one thing to defend a friend from the common woes of life, and quite another to submit to being placed in the same category with him.

In their secret souls there is no subject men differ more upon or which produces more bitterness of soul than the definition of that which entitles a man to be considered a gentleman. It is easy to write it large on an envelope; it is difficult when in contact with the individual not to feel acutely that the writing bears no analogy to the facts of the case.

The only thing on which the various classes really agree is that it is desirable to be considered a gentleman. What constitutes one, produces a wide divergence of opinion, and men only agree in their fine contempt for the rendering given by each class of its ideal, and in the common use of "not quite," as the deadliest weapon they possess. In one county it was our happy lot to hear that a being "had hall the hinstincts of a gentleman—'unts, wears a top-hat, and lives out 'eadingly way." In the same neighbourhood, but in a different circle, we heard a gentlewoman defined on a platform as "a woman who speaks well and dresses well," and heard the utterer of this definition reproved by a sister orator:—"I go deeper. I know women who neither speak well nor dress well who are true ladies at heart"—words which produced cheap applause from an audience who knew no better. And yet, again, we remember one who was quietly lecturing to the roughest roughs among the London lads. "I wish," he said, "to help you to be true Christian gentlemen." That shrewd audience knew that the possible, and not the impossible, ideal had been put before them, and they listened as to a man of sense.

All these descriptions are the truthful efforts to define the indefinable; but in each case a belief in the ideal is perceptible. If the classes would be content with their own definitions and their own company, society would have more elbow-room, and its toes would be less severely trodden upon; but that is precisely what the classes will not consent to do. Each section is irritated because the other will not accept its point of view, and each is engrossed in pressing its claims on the attention of the social world. It is not enough that every man, whatever his birth and extraction, should be considered fit for any position in the government of the country, provided he can show enough ability and self-assertion to scramble into it; but it is demanded that the social gates should also be unbarred, that the herd may enter in, and that in this sphere, as well as in every other, perfect equality should prevail. The demand is made, but society is its own censor and its own inspector; no laws made by the masses can touch its prerogative; it, and it alone, can still pick and choose its associates among the many who insist in crowding into its presence-chamber. Every one may assert in his loudest tone that he is "quite"; but the last word remains with those who, by an unwritten law, are the judges in these things, and they cannot, if they would, ratify what is negated in the necessity for assertion. The perfect gentleman is born, not made. He cannot be manufactured



in the best business, or jobbed on the largest exchange, nor does he float in the vats of the biggest distillery. Education only adds another grace to his existence, alone it is merely a cloak to hide the nakedness of ill-breeding. He cannot "rise from the gutter," nor is he found among "nature's gentlemen." He is the product of centuries of traditionary history, of the embodiment of an ideal which is found in Christian chivalry, which has been maintained in camps and courts, on battlefields and in statesmanship; which for generations has been the ruling passion of family life, and of marriage ties.

These remarks would have been mere platitudes in an age when society meant an hereditary aristocracy, who held themselves as a class apart, and "kept themselves to themselves," when marriage in a lower rank was a disgrace, and when those who concerned themselves with trade had to find their social alleviations among their fellows. "Good society" then meant something very definite, something numerically small; but it did mean people who had a code of "fine manners," and insisted on all within their circle conforming to it, under penalties which were not lightly incurred, because they were severely enforced. We live in different times. It is not our purpose to sum up the gains and losses, but merely to observe the facts, and call them by their right names. In our age, the "self-made man" is the class who believes in himself as "a class apart." His self-made voice, his characteristic features redolent of the Dissenting chapel, may now be heard insistently in the Senate and the dining-room. He holds forth on how "we" are going to reform the laws, and abolish all that is not self-made. His own intellectual force and prowess are never out of his mouth, and he can see no merit in any position which has not been attained by the same push and character which have brought himself to the surface. He will not have been an hour in any society before he has dragged "the great middle class" by the heels into whatever topic may be under discussion, and half an hour will not have passed, if he be a politician, before he has had his gibe at the hereditary House. With women his manners will be distinguished by their "easiness," and his abilities will probably obtain his pardon with them for the absence of all that comes under the head of "graceful." By no means an uninteresting modern figure, bulking large and clumsy in the public eye, but stamped wherever he goes with the title "not quite."

It is the fashion to say that to be "quite" is an unnecessary luxury, and that the backbone of the country is among those who never can be "quite." We agree; we believe that the backbone of the country is among that class who look as eagerly now, as they did in the age to which we have referred, for those possessed with "hall the instincts of a gentleman" to be their leaders and their chiefs. No class has shown a greater belief in, or a more steady adherence to, those who from position and from election have been for ages the ruling classes amongst us. The backbone of the country—they are the quickest at discerning the failures of those who have arisen from their own ranks, and they have never been slow to lay the blame on the absence of the said "instincts."

The truth is that, though the borders of society have been enlarged and the multitude has been allowed to force its way in, yet the old landmarks remain, the old standards are still the real test, the old tone is still the highest. On the many must fall the verdict of "not quite"; wince and kick they never so violently, it is the penalty that must be paid for enjoying "the sweets of good society." It is beyond the strength of the majority to force new standards on society; for in this matter it has for many centuries known its right hand from its left.

The illustration of all that we have written is nowhere more strongly seen than in the social rules which govern the House of Commons. Where manners are concerned they are as in society an unwritten code; but the traditions of the House, like the traditions of a public school, are rarely broken. The most self-made and self-asserting spirit finds its level and its bonds when it once takes its place on the floor of the House. And the anguish which wrung the soul of that assembly in the scene which lately stained its annals was not the sense of the sins committed against its neighbour, but the knowledge that it had for an instant forgotten that it was "quite," and had behaved itself like a bad kind of vestry meeting. The scene and the anguish afforded amusement to the self-made world both within and without its walls; but the "Not Quites"

made no ultimate impression, and again the creed of the minority triumphed.

We have no hope of any country where these social distinctions are obliterated, and become indifferent to all classes alike. The irritation which is produced by the imputation which has been our theme is a proof how deep-seated are the qualities shown in an external manner. The power of the "Not Quites" may possibly be great in the future; they will be happy if they can make society as brilliant and as stimulating as it has been in the past, fortunate if they can rule the Empire as well as those who have made it, and who have proved themselves "to the manner born."

#### RACING.

IF November is the least agreeable month of the racing season, it is not the least interesting. On the form shown in the course of it many of the handicapper's calculations for the following spring have to be based, and the fact of its meetings being deprived of the social accompaniments which render those of the summer months attractive is not altogether unsatisfactory to men who only go to races for racing's sake. The Liverpool Autumn Cup was a particularly interesting race this year. La Flèche had been considered the best racehorse in training over a long course, and second best over about a mile—i.e. 6 lbs. below Orme. Her running for the Lancashire Plate had represented her as about 10 lbs. better than Raeburn. In the Cambridgeshire Raeburn had given Prisoner 15 lbs. and beaten him by two lengths for second place, so that La Flèche appeared to be something more than 25 lbs. better than Prisoner. For the Liverpool Cup she was to give him 27 lbs. over a mile and three furlongs. When giving him 35 lbs. in the Cambridgeshire she had finished behind him; but 8 lbs. less was likely to make a considerable difference in their positions. It seemed a very doubtful question which would be the better at the weights, and, at the start, 5 to 1 was laid against Prisoner, and 5½ to 1 against La Flèche. The struggle took place at the distance, and it was soon over, La Flèche running very gamely and winning by a length and a half. We had not yet done with this excellent filly. Within a week of her success at Liverpool she had been made first favourite for the Manchester November Handicap, over a mile and six furlongs. Of course she had been allotted a tremendous weight. Danger was threatened from a filly in her own stable, Mr. Brodrick-Cloë's Cereza, the winner of the Gatwick Handicap, to whom she was now to give 35 lbs. For the Liverpool Cup she had given her only 25 lbs., and beaten her by two lengths and a head, and to put 10 lbs. more between them at Manchester seemed very fair handicapping. These fine calculations were destined to be upset, as the race was won easily by Golden Drop, a four-year-old, and (technically) half-bred, chestnut gelding that had run four times this season unsuccessfully, and had only won one race in his life. At one time he had been backed at 12 to 1; but he started at 40 to 1. Neither La Flèche nor Cereza was placed. It would have been a satisfaction to see La Flèche add the last great race of the year to her victories; but the heavy state of the course rendered this almost impossible under the heavy weight which she carried. Had the dry weather lasted over the race, the result might have been different; and, after all, the theory of handicapping is that good and bad horses should all be placed upon an equality. Therefore, if the best horses were generally to win, it would say little for the workmanship of the handicappers. On the other hand, when we consider Golden Drop's previous form, the result of the Manchester November Handicap is exceedingly unsatisfactory, to say the very least. It only remains to be added that the race was run in a blinding storm of rain, and that the silk jackets of the jockeys were too much bespattered with mud to be easily recognized.

One of the horses that has made most improvement this autumn has been the three-year-old, Best Man. In May, June, and July he was beaten in five races; in September, October, and November he won four. With 7 to 1 laid against him at Lincoln he won the Great Tom Stakes in a field of thirteen, and at Derby he won the Cup of 1,675*l.* in a field of twenty-four, with 33 to 1 laid against him. In the last-named race he beat Raeburn by three lengths at 10 lbs., a performance which would at first sight bring him within a few pounds of the best of his year—that is to say,

Isinglass; but Raeburn had been badly kicked by Gangway at the starting-post, and it is probable that when Watts saw Best Man and Harfleur II. fighting out a desperate finish, he did not overpress Raeburn in the last couple of strides; therefore, it would be unwise to make too much of Best Man's Derby Cup form. Yet the field for that race was a good one, irrespectively of Raeburn, among the starters being Workington, Cabin Boy, Pensioner, Esmond, Llanthony, Victor Wild, and Dornroschen, to each of which, except the first-named, Best Man was giving either weight or age or both. A turn of luck befell Lady Hermit this autumn. After a brilliant two-year-old career, she had won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot as a three-year-old, but had been beaten ten times. This season she ran five times unsuccessfully and was supposed to have become a hopeless jade. Forsaken by her friends, she astonished them in November by winning the Liverpool Stewards' Cup as well as the Lancashire Handicap at Manchester.

The famous two-year-old Delphos added considerably to his winnings by his victory in the Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes at Liverpool, bringing them up to 8,000l. His merits are unlikely to have been much over-estimated in the Free Handicap, at only 3 lbs. below those of Ladas, and it is much to be regretted that this powerful chestnut colt is not entered for the Derby. His race at Liverpool was his first over so long a course as a mile, and, although it had been prophesied that such a heavy colt would only be a "sprinter," he showed no signs of finding the distance wearisome. Mr. H. M'Calmont's Be Cannie, a filly by the hitherto despised sire, Jock of Oran, ran a great race in winning the Chesterfield Nursery Stakes at Derby, after starting at 16 to 1, and giving allowances varying from 5 lbs. to 35 lbs. to each of her twenty-one opponents. Another filly in the same stable, Jewitt's Go Lightly, at the same meeting beat a field of twenty for the Friary Nursery Stakes, giving even more weight—namely, from 17 lbs. to 41 lbs. to each competitor—and this Galopin filly and Be Cannie are probably much nearer Glare, who was handicapped in September as the best filly of her age, than then appeared. Yet another two-year-old, that won a good Nursery Handicap in November, was Baron de Hirsch's fine chestnut colt, Government, who gave weights varying from 3 st. downwards to a dozen contemporaries for the Downe Nursery at Liverpool. He is in the Derby; but it cannot yet be claimed for him that he has shown Derby form. His owner won the Great Lancashire Handicap with Watercress, one of the biggest horses in training. He had a very hard struggle with Jodel, to whom he was giving 36 lbs., and he beat her by "the shortest of heads." His action is wonderfully light and easy for a horse of his size. The weight he had to carry was too much for him last week in the Lancashire Handicap. Be a horse ever so powerful, weight tells its tale when it comes to a struggle.

The so-called Queen's Plate at Derby produced a very interesting race. Red Eyes, when she ran a dead heat for the Cesarewitch, had received 9 lbs. from Lady Rosebery and had beaten her by two lengths; she was now to meet Lady Rosebery, over two miles, at even weights. As a beating by two lengths by a pair of fillies, run out to the last ounce in a dead heat, could barely be reckoned at 9 lbs., and as Liverpool is one of Lady Rosebery's favourite courses, it was thought that she would win, and 6 to 5 was laid upon her; while 11 to 2 was laid against Red Eyes. The result was quite unexpected. Mornington Cannon made the whole of the running with Red Eyes, and won by four lengths from Lady Rosebery. Such form as this must have made the backers of Red Eyes for the Cesarewitch wish that the dead heat for that race had been run off. Yet this remarkable filly was once sold, as a hack, for 25 guineas.

The fields at the Derby November Meeting are always large, and this year they were exceptionally so, 267 horses having run during the meeting against 207 last year. The strength of such fields may be better realized if it be remembered that these 267 horses ran for twenty races, in three days, whereas at Ascot only 182 horses ran for twenty-eight races in four days. At Warwick, again, the fields were very good; 217 horses running for twenty races, in three days, at that meeting; and the fields at Manchester ran those at Derby a very close race in the matter of numerical strength. The betting upon the forthcoming Derby seems to have settled down for the present with Lord Rosebery's Ladas as first favourite, Lord Alington's Matchbox as second, Lord Durham's Son of Mine as

third, and the Duke of Westminster's Bullingdon as fourth, while Sir W. Throckmorton's Arcano is a very strong outsider. Perhaps the year 1893 will be best remembered in the Ring, if not for the birth, at least for the growth and rapid development, of the professional backer. Professional bookmakers may have their uses; but the professional backer is a more than doubtful acquisition to the Turf. This year will also be memorable to the Ring for the infamous robberies of bookmakers, many of whom necessarily carry a great deal of cash on their persons, at hotels and elsewhere.

The success of the jockey T. Loates, whose licence was renewed this year, has been remarkable. He has ridden in the enormous number of 857 races, of which he has won 222, or 54 more than any other jockey. The riding of the young jockey W. Pratt, a nephew of the famous Fred. Archer, both in the Cesarewitch and several subsequent races, has been of the highest promise, his victory in the Lancaster Nursery Handicap and the Lancashire Handicap on Thursday and Friday last week being most meritorious. Mornington Cannon is second on the list of winning jockeys, and then, at a respectful distance, come W. Bradford and G. Barrett. It should be remembered, however, that some of the best jockeys may be prevented from being high on the list owing to the small number of races in which their weight enables them to ride, and Watts's proportion of 89 victories to 317 mounts is, in reality, a better record than that of some jockeys who have won more races.

The three greatest winners in stakes this year have been Mr. H. M'Calmont, the Duke of Westminster, and the Duke of Portland; in the amount of stakes won by their descendants, the most successful sires have been St. Simon, Isonomy, and Hampton, while Ormonde, Galopin, and Melton have almost run a dead-heat for fourth place.

Our last words about the racing season of 1893 must be that its bane has been the drought, which practically affected it from the beginning to the end. Not only did it reduce the fields, except during the last month, and interfere with the racing, but it also prevented many horses from showing their best form, as we shall probably have good cause for knowing next year, and some from being sufficiently trained to run at all.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

IN the interests of Greece herself, not less than of her creditors, it is to be hoped that the report is not true that M. Tricoupis is meditating a gross breach of faith with the bondholders. Our readers need not be reminded that Greece is insolvent. M. Delyannis is more responsible than any other statesman for the deplorable pass into which the little kingdom has been brought; but the Greek people themselves are really the guilty parties. Their aspirations far exceed their resources, and they rushed into a naval and military expenditure which they could not afford. When it became clear that an act of bankruptcy was impending, M. Tricoupis, who had then returned to power, opened negotiations with a Syndicate of great financial houses in London, the object being to get the pecuniary assistance immediately needed, and to make an arrangement for the future payment of the interest on the Greek debt. The Syndicate was willing, provided an international financial control were established. It is said that M. Tricoupis recognized the reasonableness and necessity of the demand, but that the King demurred to it on the ground that it would impair the national sovereignty. M. Tricoupis resigned, and his successor made an arrangement with Messrs. Hambro, of London, who were the representatives of the Syndicate, by which it was agreed that the payment of the interest on the debt in cash should cease for a specified time, but that Funding bonds should be paid instead of the money, and that certain retrenchments and other measures should be pursued, which would make it probable that Greece after a while would be able to resume cash payments. Now M. Tricoupis has once more come back to power, and he has retired from the arrangement with Messrs. Hambro. The reasons he assigns appear to us quite sufficient, and indeed justifiable. They are, first, that Greece is admittedly insolvent—that is to say, that she has contracted to pay more than she is able to pay—that it is unwise, unjust to Greece, and misleading to her creditors to pretend to go on with such a system; that the honest and more straightforward course is to say at once that Greece cannot pay her present liabilities. Further,



M. Tricoupis alleges—and, as it appears to us, reasonably and truly—that the payment of interest in Funding bonds is objectionable, because it adds to the debt, which admittedly is already too large. So far we are entirely with the Greek Prime Minister, and, if he merely proposed an equitable arrangement of the debt, we should strongly advise the bondholders to meet him in a reasonable and conciliatory spirit. Putting aside all questions of humanity, it is unwise to attempt to exact from a nation more than it can pay. It is much better for the bondholders themselves to accept an arrangement which is likely to be maintained than to insist upon promises which everybody knows will not be fulfilled. Unfortunately M. Tricoupis goes further. Greece is in urgent want of money, and he asks the representatives of the bondholders—who, in plain language, are the Syndicate already referred to—to make him another loan. Very naturally, and very properly, the Syndicate refuses. It says that M. Tricoupis himself admits that Greece is bankrupt, and that it would be absurd to lend more to a bankrupt. The Syndicate, if we are correctly informed, is willing to meet M. Tricoupis as far as it can, and to recommend the bondholders generally to meet him in a conciliatory spirit; but no one in London is willing to lend more money. In the meanwhile a syndicate of French bankers has sent M. Ornstein to Athens to open negotiations with the Greek Government, and the report is—of course we do not vouch for its truth—that M. Ornstein, in the name of his Syndicate, offers to lend to the Greek Government the money it urgently needs, provided certain revenues now pledged for the service of what is called the Monopoly Loan are withdrawn from that service and handed over to the French Syndicate. M. Tricoupis is a man of European reputation, and he is too clear-minded not to know that it would be a grave mistake to commit so flagrant an act of public dishonesty. But still, according to the report which is current in the City, M. Tricoupis represents to the London Syndicate that he is between the devil and the deep sea; that he must have money somehow or other, and that if London will not lend, while Paris will, he has no option but to submit to whatever terms Paris chooses to impose. We hope sincerely that M. Tricoupis is only playing a game of bluff, that he really does not mean to act as he hints he may be driven to do; for he should bear in mind that, if he breaks with London and accepts the tow-line of Paris, he may be drawn into a whirlpool which will engulf Greece. There is no country for which Englishmen generally feel greater sympathy than Greece, and there certainly is no Greek public man so much respected here as M. Tricoupis. But if Greece, under the administration of M. Tricoupis, acts as the City expects, then we are afraid that English sympathies will be estranged, and that the political future of Greece will be seriously endangered, while, of course, her credit will be utterly ruined.

The value of money has been rising all the week, partly through the Revenue collections, partly through the continued export of gold, and partly through the revival of demand for the country at the end of the coal strike. The rate of discount in the open market has been quoted  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; but business generally has been done at about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or a little over. For several days of the week there were considerable numbers of applications to the Bank of England.

The India Council offered for tender on Wednesday 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers; but sold only a little over 10 lakhs. It is understood that the railway Companies were selling somewhat under the Council on a large scale. Up to the present the accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasuries in India has not had the influence upon the Indian money market which was generally expected, and the exports from India are as yet only small. On Thursday, consequently, the Bank of Bengal put down its rate to 4 per cent. Gradually, however, it may be expected that the value of money will rise, and that the demand for the Council's drafts will increase. The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 32d. per ounce, and next week the market is looking for a further fall.

There is a decidedly better feeling on the Stock Exchange than has existed for a considerable time past. The investing public is at last buying upon a considerable scale. We have noticed in these columns for several weeks past a steady rise in the very best class of securities. This week the demand was somewhat extended, and there is an absorption of the second class of securities. The general feeling in the City is that the worst is now known respecting the

state of affairs at home and abroad. The liquidation necessary after the Baring collapse has practically been completed at home. The Trust crisis, it is true, is not yet quite ended; but all who care to be well informed are able to measure with fair accuracy what is likely to occur. The worst is over likewise both in the United States and Argentina, and, though the Far East is disturbed by the continued fall in silver, and Australasia is languishing after the banking crash, still we may hope now for a slow improvement. The end of the coal crisis, too, is telling upon the markets. All the industries of the country are once more becoming active, and there are good grounds for hoping, as we pointed out last week, that trade likewise will improve. Furthermore, the Committee of the Argentine Congress, to which the matter was referred, has reported in favour of the approval of the settlement of the debt negotiated by the Government with the Rothschild Committee. Even in the United States there is evidently a better feeling. Money is accumulating in immense amounts in New York, and the public there hope that those who hold it will grow tired of leaving it on deposit, and that before very long they will begin to invest upon a large scale. We would warn our readers, however, to be careful how they buy American securities. After such a crisis, there cannot be an early recovery; and, besides, the tariff reform question will be under the consideration of the Congress probably all through next year. We would repeat, then, the advice we have so often given, that investors should confine themselves to the purchase of bonds. Good bonds may be had on reasonable terms with advantage to the investor; and, if the public will exercise due caution in selecting their bonds, they will do well in buying. But, speaking generally, they should keep aloof from everything speculative. There are a very few shares that are reasonably safe; but, speaking broadly, American railroad shares are not suited to investors in this country. If the Argentine Congress follows the advice of its Committee, and approves the settlement of the debt, there will probably be a revival of speculation in Argentine securities. We think that investors will do well to leave Government securities alone. But there are large numbers of industrial securities, and specially railways, which are undoubtedly sound; and these may be bought with advantage, if investors will take the trouble to make the necessary inquiries, and separate the good from the bad. Upon the Continent the Bourses are wonderfully steady, considering all the unfavourable influences acting upon them just now. Until the end of last week it was thought that the Dupuy Cabinet was fairly safe, and that the Conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents would be carried out next February. Now the whole matter has become doubtful, yet there has not been such a fall as might have been anticipated. The troubles of Spain are increasing every day, and the crisis in Italy is becoming more acute, whether we look at it from the political or the economic standpoint. An event of the week is the suspension of the Credito Mobiliare Italiano with 2,400,000*l.* of paid-up capital. Greek affairs we discuss above, and Portuguese finance is hopelessly entangled.

The investment in first-class securities has continued all the week, but there is not very much change in quotations. In Home Railway stocks London and Brighton Undivided closed on Thursday at 166, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1. Midland closed at 148 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Great Eastern closed at 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ . In the American market there has been a very general advance. To begin with the speculative shares, which are entirely unsuited to investors, but which still show the tendency of the market. Atchison closed on Thursday at 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Erie closed at 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Union Pacific closed at 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Passing next to the shares which receive dividends, but as to the Companies' ability to pay those dividends there are some doubts, we find that Milwaukee closed on Thursday at 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and Louisville and Nashville closed at 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of as much as 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Coming next to the well-secured shares, we find that Lake Shore closed at 133 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Passing next to the bonds in which there is not full confidence, we find that Atchison Four per Cent. Gold Mortgage bonds closed at 76 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Denver Four per Cent. First Consolidated Mortgage bonds closed at 83, a rise of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and that

Erie Second Mortgage closed at 80, a rise of as much as 5. There has also been a decided advance in the Argentine market. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed on Thursday at 66, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ , and the Funding Loan closed at 71, a rise of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ . In International securities there has likewise been an improvement. Thus, Egyptian Unified closed at 101 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a rise of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; Hungarian Fours closed at 94 $\frac{3}{4}$ , also a rise of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; and Mexican Sixes closed at 69 $\frac{3}{4}$ , a rise of as much as 3.

#### A GREAT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

ON Monday evening Mr. Ralph Price Hardy, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Institute of Actuaries, and the Actuary of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, read before the Institute of Actuaries a very interesting paper on the "Experience of a Friendly Society," with some account of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society. Everybody knows how important a part friendly Societies play in the life of the working classes, and those who have given attention to the matter are aware that those Societies exercise a most beneficial educating influence upon the members. The Hearts of Oak Benefit Society was established at Midsummer 1842; but it grew very slowly during the following three and twenty years. In 1865 the number of members was but little over 10,000, and the realized assets did not much exceed 35,000*l.* In that year Mr. T. Marshall, nephew of Mr. Matthew Marshall, of the Bank of England, was appointed Secretary. He appears to have been a man of extraordinary capacity, energy, and industry. He seems to have devoted his whole time to the Society, and to have exercised upon it an influence such as only a man of exceptional ability could do. He has made it, in fact, one of the greatest Societies of the kind in the United Kingdom. Some eight or ten years after his appointment, when the realized assets had risen from little more than 35,000*l.* to about 200,000*l.*, an agitation sprang up amongst the members for the distribution of those assets. So completely did they misapprehend the principle upon which such a Society ought to be founded that they assumed the fund was not a reserve to meet future liabilities, but consisted of savings made out of undue caution. Luckily, the Friendly Societies Act of 1875 required a valuation of the assets and liabilities within the following five years, and Mr. Marshall and those of the management who, like him, were opposed to the agitation were able to prevent its success until the valuation was carried out. The valuation was entrusted to Mr. Hardy. He succeeded in convincing the management of the true nature of the realized assets; and it speaks much for the intelligence of the management, as well as for the sound influence of Mr. Hardy, that not only was the agitation completely defeated, but the contributions were increased by twopence per month, so as to make the Society solvent. When Mr. Marshall was appointed secretary, the number of members, as already said, did not much exceed 10,000; when he died the number was considerably over 141,000, showing how rapid was the growth from 1865 to 1891—a period of twenty-six years. Further, it may be stated that at the end of 1891 the Assurance Fund had reached very nearly a million and a quarter.

The Society is a registered friendly Society, and is governed by 200 Delegates elected by universal suffrage. They, however, exercise only a kind of control, as they meet very unfrequently. There are Committees, some of which meet nightly, and others meet very often. There is a medical officer in attendance five evenings of the week for the purpose of examining candidates for admission, and there is a Court of Arbitration, composed of public men not belonging to the Society, for the hearing of appeals of members against decisions of the management, and for generally safeguarding the rights of all. Mr. Hardy speaks in the highest terms of the management and of the members generally for the broadmindedness with which they insist upon publicity far greater than is required by the Act of Parliament. We are told that there is a continuous audit of the accounts by a public accountant, that accounts are published in far greater detail than Parliament demands, that there is a yearly examination into and a full report upon the experience of the Society in respect of the sickness, the deaths, and the secessions, and that, in addition, there is an actuarial valuation of the assets and liabilities. Undoubtedly

all this is very greatly to the credit of the members, and it shows that the management is enlightened, and is sincerely anxious to do its duty to the best of its power. The contributions amount to 10*s.* per quarter. They must be made direct to the Society, and are not subject to any commission, allowance for postage, or other charge for remittance, and they must be paid in full. Superannuated members, however, are exempt from contributions. The benefits allowed are for sickness, superannuation, funerals, wife's lying-in, fire, imprisonment for debt, drawing for the Militia, temporary assistance, and Convalescent Homes. The management has naturally been anxious to provide an old-age pension for the members. At present members of eighty years and upwards are allowed 4*s.* a week. The desire of the management was to provide an old-age pension which should begin much earlier. Upon full investigation, however, it was discovered that the cost of the change would have been either an addition to the reserve or an equivalent increase in the contributions equal to nearly 46,000*l.* if the pension were to begin at seventy-five, to somewhat over 280,000*l.* if the pension were to begin at seventy, to somewhat over 900,000*l.* if the pension were to begin at sixty-five, and to more than two millions if the pension were to begin at sixty. From this it followed clearly that the change could not be made—at all events, not without assistance being given in some form or other, either by the local authorities or by the State. The Society itself could not hope to increase its funds in such a way as would maintain its solvency, and allow of its granting the pensions. But that the matter was so fully considered shows how open-minded the management is, and how ready it is to receive and consider ideas, no matter from whom they may proceed.

#### COLLEGERS v. OPPIDANS.

THE wall-match at Eton on St. Andrews Day is an event which draws all Etonians, young and old, and especially old Collegers, who can possibly spare the time, to the "long, low wall with trees behind it." The traditions of St. Andrews Day are either streaming rain or several inches of snow, but this year it was as perfect a day as one could wish for the match of Collegers v. Oppidans, though perhaps the players found it a trifle too hot. A goodly crowd was already on the ground by twelve o'clock, though play was not to begin till half-past twelve. The rival Elevens appeared on the ground some few minutes before the time, and were greeted with vociferous cheers. Punctually at half-past twelve Mr. Tuck put the ball in, and play began, College kicking to "good." The ball soon came out, and travelled a few yards in the direction of good calx. But the superior weight of the Oppidan bully soon began to tell, and the game was slowly forced along the wall towards "bad," though the College bully played very pluckily, and contested every inch of the ground. The ball was kept very close, and play for a long time was very slow. At last the Oppidans got hold of the ball, and it was kicked quite cool behind the line and touched by College. Darwin, however, the College goal, did not make much of his chance, and the bully was again forced down at no very great distance from bad calx. The game now went on in much the same way, neither side seeming to want to turn the ball out; but the Oppidans kept creeping nearer and nearer to calx, till the ball was again kicked behind out of a loose bully, and touched by College. This time Darwin's effort was rather more successful, and the Collegers at first seemed to gain a little ground; but, soon losing this slight advantage, they were hard put to it to keep the Oppidans out of calx till "change." In the second half of the game the Oppidans seemed to have matters all their own way, and began to walk the College bully from the start. Gordon-Lennox soon got a cool runner from the College bully, which he made good use of, though the ball was soon returned by a highish kick of Ogilvy's along the wall. It touched an overhanging leg in its flight, and a bully was formed down at the point of contact. Then followed a succession of loose bullies, in which the ball kept travelling towards good calx, till at last a combined rush was made by the Oppidans towards calx, which, though it got past Talbot, was very neatly stopped by Darwin. Soon afterwards, however, a good kick of Bassett-Wilson's drove the ball into good calx, where the Oppidans



managed to get up five shies before Talbot succeeded in making a good kick out. More loose bullies followed; but the ball soon came back into calx, where three more shies were got up, the last one being thrown just as the clock was striking the half-hour, the Oppidans being thus left the winners by eight shies to nil. The result came in the nature of a surprise, as, though the College was known to be overweighted in the bully, they were supposed to make up by science what they lost in strength. Both bullies played well and hard; but the Oppidans seemed to be the better outside. Their behinds did the little they had to do well; while the College behinds showed no want of pluck in playing a losing, and consequently a difficult, game. It is contrary to the traditions of the game for the Collegers to have such a severe beating; but it may be due to the want of nourishment consequent on the abolition (by the Bursar) of that ancient and excellent institution of Bever.

A list of the teams may perhaps be of interest to any old Etonian who may chance to read these lines. They were as follows:—

COLLEGERS.	OPPIDANS.	
Mr. A. E. Conybeare	The Hon. P. E. Thellusson	} Walls
Mr. V. S. Jones	Mr. A. Sowler	
Mr. A. G. Anderson	Mr. H. Thorpe	
Mr. A. G. James	Mr. H. de la P. Beresford-Peirse	
Mr. D. MacIver	Mr. J. J. de Knoop	} Seconds
Mr. F. B. Elliot	Mr. N. A. Muntz	
Mr. A. W. Whitworth	Mr. R. Bassett-Wilson	Thirds
Mr. J. M. Fremantle	Mr. H. F. Mytton	Fourths
Mr. L. W. Ogilvy	The Hon. F. W. G. Egerton	Flying-men
Mr. A. W. J. Talbot	The Hon. E. Gordon-Lennox	L-behinds
Mr. B. R. M. Darwin	Mr. C. T. Allen	Goals

#### RECENT CONCERTS.

SOME one has recently been at the trouble of compiling a Musical Birthday Book. The idea is not a bad one; but to be properly carried out it should take the form of a calendar, in which each season of the year, each month, each ecclesiastical festival, should be fitted with its appropriate music. A musical critic, to whom the seasons bring their appointed concerts and operas with the regularity of Nature, would have little difficulty in drawing up such a work. Christmas would be given over to the music-hall and the popular oratorio; the strains of Drury Lane pantomimes should alternate with Handelian oratorios at the Albert Hall. With Lent severer tastes would make their presence felt. The symphony, the sonata, the quartet at this season flourish, the Bach Choir appears upon the scene, and rumours of opera are borne upon the air. With the migration of birds the "recitalists" begin to appear; later on their number is such legion that our concert-halls, day and night, re-echo with Chopin and Liszt; and these composers would then be largely represented in our calendar, dividing the field with Italian opera and Wagner, or whoever for the time being is the popular composer. With the end of the season fashionable music ceases, and the ballads and dance-tunes beloved by promenade-concert audiences alternate with the publications of Messrs. Novello, as heard at the country festivals. The autumn and early winter is to some extent an echo of the spring. A few recitalists, generally on their way home, are heard; but the decorous Quartet and sober Sonata are more in keeping with the season, and such liveliness as exists is to be found in the so-called "light operas," in these days too often merely the variety shows of the music-halls without the compensating boon of tobacco. This sketch of a musical calendar could be supported, if documentary evidence were called for, by the concert programmes and opera-books of the year. Looking over those of the last two months only, and comparing them with those of former years, one is struck by the regularity with which certain features occur at the same season. The changes are so infinitesimal that it is a wonder that some system of stereotyped musical criticism has not been generally adopted by which press-notices could be rendered as uniform as the performances which they chronicle. Of course, unforeseen events—such as the illness of an artist—would have to be provided for specially, but, by the adoption of some sort of uncode, an immense saving of time, ink, and paper might be effected, not to mention the safeguard such a system would be

against the vagaries of the idle, the eccentric, or the incompetent critic. It would be a pleasing task to string together the set phrases of musical criticism, and to apply them to the works which are oftenest heard at concerts; and, if the result to the public was rather monotonous, it might be agreeably varied by occasionally giving concerts at which neither programmes nor names of performers were announced, and the critics were blindfolded and made to write their notices under the conditions adopted by the Sacred College at the election of a Pope. The latter plan, at least, would be fruitful in surprises. Musical affairs being, as has been said, so similar now to what they have been in previous years, a brief record of novelties and of new performers heard in London during the last two months will be sufficient to keep the reader of this Review *au courant* with regard to recent concerts. At the Symphony Concerts—now, apparently, firmly established—Miss Frida Scotta (on the 8th ult.) won golden opinions by her vigorous and effective violin-playing. Further development of expression would be desirable; but her style is so good and free from affectation that she must be regarded as a valuable recruit to the ranks of lady violinists. At the same concert Mr. Plunket Greene introduced a new song by Professor Stanford, "Prince Madoc's Farewell," in which the composer's Irish nationality gave happy expression to some admirable verses by Mrs. Hemans—verses so good that it seems strange they should not have been set to music before. The second Symphony Concert brought forward M. Paderewski and his Polish Fantasia, a work which had been heard at Norwich, where it created a favourable reception, which was amply confirmed on this occasion. It is written with absolute genius, and shows that the popular pianist is a composer of the first rank. At the Crystal Palace the novelties have not been exciting. A Ballad for Orchestra, by Mr. Godfrey Pringle (played on the 14th October), is promising, but rather immature; an orchestral version of the "Nachtgesang" from *Tristan und Isolde*, produced at the same concert, is not worthy of Mr. Manns's orchestra, and should be relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. On the 28th of the same month a Concert-Overture by Dr. Hiles, intended to reproduce the impressions of the composer's youth, proved merely respectable "Kapellmeister" music—to use a convenient German expression, for which there is no English equivalent. The fourth concert was devoted to Mr. Cowen's *Water Lily*, an ambitious work, which shows the composer in a less favourable light than his slighter compositions. On November 11th Mr. Granville Bantock's Overture to *The Fire Worshippers* proved picturesque in orchestration, and showed a decided capacity for composition of the romantic school. At the same concert Miss Beatrice Langley achieved success as a solo violinist by her excellent technique, though her tone is at present rather thin. A Cradle-Song by Mr. C. H. Coudery, which was brought forward on the 11th ult., is merely pretty; the chief feature of the concert being M. Siloti's performance of Liszt's orchestral version of Schubert's Fantasia in C.

Turning to the Popular Concerts, there have been some changes owing to the retirement of Mr. Straus, whose place has been well filled by Mr. Gibson, and to the appearance of Mlle. Wietrowetz as leader of the Quartet, pending the return of Lady Hallé. The Bohemian violinist has fully sustained her growing reputation, though she made a mistake in attempting a solo of Señor Sarasate's, for which her style is quite unsuited. With one exception the novelties at these concerts have not been very successful. A Quartet by Robert Kahn, of which much had been expected, proved uninteresting, while a Pianoforte Quintet by Carl Goldmark, which was played on the 20th ult., was positively dull. As against these failures, the marked success achieved by Professor Stanford's String Quartet in G major, which was brought forward last Monday, is eminently satisfactory. The Cambridge Professor has done nothing better than this interesting and original work, in which the real learning and cleverness of the writing are never allowed to get the upper hand of the even more precious qualities of freshness and geniality which it displays from beginning to end. Of Choral Concerts there is little to be said. Berlioz's *Faust* and Handel's *Israel in Egypt* have been given by the Royal Choral Society with familiar casts, the latter work (as usual) disfigured by the absurd transformation of the fine duet "The Lord is a Man of War" into an ineffective two-part chorus. It is a lamentable sign of public taste that such a barbarism should have been endured. The only other Choral Concert has been that given by the students of

the Royal Academy of Music, at which Pergolesi's melodious, if somewhat *rococo*, setting of the *Stabat Mater* was revived. The soloists—both vocal and instrumental—at this concert showed plentiful signs of talent and good teaching; but it is not desirable at present to criticize their individual performances. The Recitals of M. Paderewski and Señor Sarasate, all of which attracted very large audiences, were absolutely familiar in their programmes; and the minor concerts of Miss Lucie Hillier, Signor Gino Sartori, M. Sevadjan, Mlle. Gerardy, and the pupils of Mr. Ernest Fowles, presented no features of permanent interest. The Pianoforte Recitals of M. Siloti, on the other hand, have established his claim to high rank among the pianists of the day. His tone and execution are exceptionally good, and he has brought forward some interesting compositions of the modern Russian school, the best of which were a "Basso Ostinato" and "Esquisse," by Arensky, and a Prelude by Rachmaninoff. "Islamei," an Oriental Fantasia, by M. A. Balakireff, was also remarkable for its extreme difficulty.

#### UNDER THE CLOCK.

THE brilliant success of *The Poet and the Puppets* last year gave rise to high expectations with regard to the production of *Under the Clock*, at the Court Theatre, on Saturday last, and these expectations were more than fulfilled. In this *revue* Mr. Brookfield has been joined by Mr. Seymour Hicks, whose one-act play, *Good-bye*, was produced on the same occasion and favourably received. The authors of *Under the Clock* have taken the well-known figures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson as their starting point, and, in fact, have very effectively satirized those characters, as well as the plays, players, and playwrights with which it is the main purpose of the *revue* to deal. The entry of M. Emile Nana is the signal for an acute outbreak of supernatural intelligence on the part of the famous detective, whose "methods" receive humorous treatment in a song with a refrain of "Sherlock, you wonderful man." A lady detective is made use of to track the suspicious foreigner, and in the course of the consequent mad pilgrimage we are brought into contact with Mr. Tree and *The Tempter*, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, also a Third Mrs. Tanqueray, the Daly Company of Comedians, and other subjects of current theatrical interest. Description of this class of entertainment is not so much tiresome as impossible; but those who know Mr. Brookfield's bright, incisive humour will be able to form some idea of what he has been able to do with such material as this, aided as he has been in no slight degree by the extremely able efforts of Mr. Hicks. The little play sparkles in every line; pungent wit, brilliant epigram, and bright parody throng together in un-wavering progress. It is gratifying to record that in all the references—many of them directly personal in their nature—no taint of ill nature or bad taste occurs to mar the brilliancy of the lines, and, what is almost as unusual, all the points are so made as to appeal to every one passably acquainted with the theatrical life of the day, and is not dependent for its appreciation on an exceptional knowledge of the inner life of the stage. The title is too good for any one play, and now that the *revue* has come among us in its brightest and best form, there is no reason why it should not become a permanent institution and go on from year to year, changing its items as old things go off and new ones come on. Mr. Brookfield, starting with a wonderfully accurate make-up as Sherlock Holmes, went through the many changes involved in the numerous assumptions of new characters with never-failing freshness, and imitation succeeded imitation—or, rather, caricature succeeded caricature—with admirable fidelity and point. Mr. Seymour Hicks, whom we have not hitherto known in this class of work, displayed similar powers of a high order, his American King Richard of England and his imitation of Mr. Wilson Barrett being especially good. Miss Lottie Venne, as the lady detective with many disguises, once more reminded us how delightfully vivacious and charming a burlesque actress she is. Her piquancy and appreciation of humour are irresistible. Mr. Nainby gave a capital representation of M. Emile Nana; Mr. Wyes' master of ceremonies was as unctuously important as any such functionary need wish to be, and some clever dancing was done by Miss Edith Lyall and Miss

Maud Wilmot. The music of Mr. Edward Jones is light, melodious, and appropriate. The success of this work is of especial and grateful significance in revealing to us that the spirit of true burlesque which we have mourned as dead for many years is still alive, and that Messrs. Brookfield and Hicks are its chosen prophets.

#### REVIEWS.

##### TWO PARLIAMENT-MEN.\*

NO one better deserves the old-fashioned title which we have given him above than Sir Richard Temple. He is, before all things, a Parliament-man: not a statesman—or, at any rate, not since he left India—not even a keen party-man, though he gives the Whip no trouble, and certainly anything rather than the "professional politician," in the questionable sense of the words. In another and higher meaning of them—a meaning which he takes account of in his enumeration of the various motives for entering Parliament—they would, no doubt, pretty accurately describe him. "Some members," he writes, "from the beginning to the end of their active life make Parliamentary politics a profession, regarding it as the noblest of the professions." Sir Richard is too modest to class himself in this category in so many words; but no one who reads this book of his—or, indeed, who is acquainted with his Parliamentary record—can doubt that he belongs to it. The life, he tells us in his preface, that he "wishes to paint" in this volume is the life led, not by Ministers and ex-Ministers, nor by those who pair frequently and are present only at important divisions, but by "those private members who attend constantly, and are the working bees in the Parliamentary hive." A working bee who, in the course of six Sessions—if Sir Richard will forgive us for slightly confusing his metaphor—has voted in 2,072 out of 2,118 divisions must feel a genuine attachment, not to say a loyal devotion, to the hive; and it is the pervasion of these sentiments which gives interest, and even, in the strict sense of the word, distinction to the book. The author is so well and so justly satisfied with the conscientious discharge of his duties, and so innocently proud of the position of a member of Parliament, as to disarm criticism. Especially so as regards the latter feeling; for, however difficult it may be for some of us to share it, we should indeed be sorry that it disappeared. A decline of the House of Commons in public estimation is a far less serious calamity than would be its entire loss of corporate self-respect. It is probably only because men like Sir Richard Temple still over-rate the honour of belonging to it that the business of politics in this country has not yet quite sunk to the American level; and if so, their delusion is far too providential to be a matter of mere amusement to any but the thoughtless.

Of the permanent value of this record of "the experience of a member in the House of Commons" we cannot, we confess, entirely convince ourselves. The contents of the volume have, it seems, been drawn from a larger Parliamentary journal which "is not for publication" in the diarist's lifetime; and possibly it is for this that the world will have to wait in order to obtain the complete mirror which he has been daily and nightly holding up before the face of Parliament. The patience with which the world awaits the fulfilment of some literary promises is proverbial; but it is only polite to hope that in this case it may be tried to the utmost. If, however, the volume before us is a fair sample of the journal—and, still more, if it stands to it in the relation of the cream to the skimmed milk—we must own to some difficulty in finding a place for it in that future to which Sir Richard Temple looks forward. It occurred to him, he says in his preface, that "if a member who had sat all the hours of every working day on the bench immediately behind Pitt, or Peel, or Palmerston, had also recorded daily what he saw, and heard, and knew, his memoir would have interest for the men of some succeeding generation who wished to enter into the realities of those times." Well, *c'est selon*; that, we fear, must be the answer. We have, nowadays, so many men at work "recording what they see and hear" from a seat behind, or in front of, or above the statesman, that the men of succeeding generations will have many more such "memoirs" as this than they will possibly be able to find use for. It is not so certain that they will be as interested in the "personal" side of political history as it is the

\* *Life in Parliament; being the Experience of a Member in the House of Commons from 1886 to 1892 inclusive.* By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D. London: John Murray. 1893.

*Sir Robert N. Fowler, Bart., M.P. A Memoir.* By John Stephen Flynn, M.A., Rector of St. Newan. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.



fashion nowadays to assume. There is, to be sure, a peculiar charm for us of to-day in that anticipation of "descriptive" journalism, Sir Philip Warwick's account of his first sight of Cromwell in the House of Commons; and, no doubt, such touches as that of "the plain cloth suit which seemed to have been made by an ill-country tailor," and of "the speck or two of blood on his little band," are of a kind to make us wish for more. But that is, first, because Cromwell was Cromwell, and, secondly, because the seventeenth-century "masher's" contemptuous estimate of him was destined to be informed by subsequent history with the richest humour. Whether posterity will be as eager to hear about the collars, waistcoats, and boots (with or without "spats") of every political notability of to-day is more doubtful; while it is not doubtful at all that, if posterity does, its curiosity will soon give way to surfeit. We do not mean to suggest that Sir Richard Temple's point of view is exclusively that of the descriptive journalist; but that is one of his points of view, and we are paying him what he need not consider other than a compliment in remarking that it is not one from which he works with conspicuous success. On the other hand, his deficiencies in this respect are not made up for by any particular novelty or suggestiveness in his criticisms of the incidents of debate. The speeches which he records are always "great," or "fine," or "able," or "spirited," or otherwise indistinctly distinguished; and the procession of commonplace adjectives—most of them the veriest literary supers that ever walked across a page—becomes a little wearisome at last. On the whole, the volume must be pronounced less interesting as a Parliamentary narrative than as the self-revelation of an amiable, well-meaning, and eminently industrious public man.

Sir Robert Fowler's years of service in Parliament considerably outnumbered those which Sir Richard Temple has as yet completed; and from various causes, partly personal and partly official, he has been the more conspicuous figure of the two in the House of Commons. His position as the descendant of a Nonconformist Liberal stock, who had become the sturdiest of Tories and staunchest of defenders alike of the Church of England and the Corporation of the City of London, coupled with the rare distinction of having been twice elected Lord Mayor—to say nothing of having on his first election quoted Homer in the original Greek at the Guildhall banquet—was almost unique, and would in any case have drawn attention. But his genial and jovial presence, his burly country-squire-like figure, his hearty laugh, and his never-to-be-forgotten cheer, all constituted additional claims to notice, and these combinations made him, in his later years, one of the best known of Parliamentary personages. This Memoir, however, which has been, with excellent taste and judgment, compiled by his son-in-law, the Rev. J. S. Flynn, derives its chief interest from the light which it throws on a side of Sir Robert's character which, though a well-known one to his intimates, was quite unsuspected by the outer world. We refer to that profound and almost impassioned piety which found expression in his privately-recorded utterances from an early—we agree with his judicious biographer, a too early—period of his life to its close. The story of his childhood, indeed, is a good deal more remarkable to us, as viewed in relation to the worldly side of Fowler's character, than was the development of that character in its spiritual aspect. It is not the deeply religious politician who invariably offered up a prayer before "taking part in any important division" that surprises us, as we read the extracts from his very juvenile diary; rather, it is the fact that so morbid a child should have been father to so eminently healthy-natured and happy a man. Mr. Flynn thinks that "the world will learn with something like astonishment" that "the burly genial gentleman, as well known in the hunting-field as in the House of Commons," devoted a considerable portion of every day to private meditation, prayer, and Bible-reading, and regularly called himself to strict account in his diary for any dereliction of duty, however slight. To us, however, it is a source of still greater astonishment that the unhappy little boy of thirteen, who was encouraged to write in his diary "Can I confidently say that I conduct myself more properly than, if as properly as, I did twenty-two months ago? Perhaps I then might have had less duties than I now have," should ever have grown into the burly genial gentleman.

That he should have escaped altogether unharmed from the training and associations of such a boyhood as this, was impossible. It is natural and graceful on the part of his biographer—who at the same time very properly deprecates the unwisdom of his bringing-up—to think that he did so escape; but we cannot agree with him. It seems to us certain that the touch of Puritanism which cramped the sympathies of a usually generous temper, and in

certain matters warped the judgment of an otherwise sound intelligence, was distinctly due to the ineradicable associations of youth. Quakerism and its traditions were not strong enough to keep him from joining the Church of England; but, as is the tendency of all such influences, they operated with increased force in one direction from being repressed in others. It is probable that Sir Robert Fowler was all the more determined to play the Quaker in social matters because he had to drop the Quaker creed; and hence his addiction to that school of faddists with whom it is hard even for an admirer of his general political character to forgive him his association. Indeed, when one contemplates him in this connexion, it is with something of a tremor to think of what he might have been but for the saving grace of Toryism. Fortunately his Toryism seems to have been of as early a growth almost as his Quaker pietism, as the following delightful story will attest:—

"One little incident shows how much he felt his isolated position and the need of sympathy in those days. He found among his playmates a little boy, several years his junior, who was disposed to side with him. To him he agreed to pay twopence a week if he would promise to stand by him and the good Tory cause against all his youthful adversaries. The bargain was struck, the compact loyally observed, and a lasting friendship established between them."

What political aberrations of after-life might not be forgiven to a boy like this? It was impossible that such an one should altogether fall from grace.

#### NOVELS.\*

MR. BARING-GOULD'S novels are remarkable as careful studies of rural life and character, in which the peculiarities of place and period are emphasized. Devon and Cornwall are his favourite localities; but in *Cheap Jack Zita* he has laid his scenes at Ely and in the neighbouring fens. In local description and in the originality and individuality of Zita this novel is rather above than below his average. Whether the book as a whole is one of his best is another question. It may be that, to use a theatrical term which briefly expresses our meaning, he "stars" too much with Zita, and that the other characters of the novel have something of the nature of "walking" gentlemen and ladies. If this be putting the matter somewhat too strongly, it may at least point out the direction in which the work is weakest. We regret to observe the further development in the author of a tendency to exaggeration which we noticed not long ago in *Mrs. Curgenvon of Curgenvon*. The *reductio ad absurdum* is an admirable weapon with which to lay open the follies of Socialism; but it should be used with moderation in novel-writing, and Mr. Baring-Gould injures a capital chapter describing the political disputes of a party of agrarian Socialists at an out-of-the-way public-house by making one of them declare that he "ain't going to vote for no candidate as won't promise to make the rivers run uphill," and that "it's Providence as don't do as it should be made to do." Then it is all very well to make fun of a nervous baronet on horseback; but when we are asked to believe that he told his footman to walk by his side and hold his leg, and if he should see him "getting at all out of the perpendicular," to "just run round and give a pull to the other leg," our interest ceases. In another place the description of a police-court is so good that we seem to see the magistrates, prisoner, and witnesses before us, until the Chairman says to a constable standing by a girl who is disturbing the Court, "If she opens her mouth again, clap your hand over it, or stuff your pocket-handkerchief down her throat," and then the glare of footlights and the rouge on the faces of the magistrates and policemen at once appear. There is another thing in Mr. Baring-Gould's writing which occasionally lessens the reality of his characters. Few living novelists represent rustics better than he, when he is at his best; but now and then he forgets himself, and makes them use words unfamiliar to people in their position of life. Would a young farmer—and he not a development of the present day, but a farmer of very many years ago—be likely to say that he thought something "infinitely sad," or an old one that "Nature outstrips us," or that "a few threads will suffice"? or would a yeoman, who wished a crowd of men to go away, say to them, "Disperse instantly"? Is it likely, again, that the unsophisticated daughter of a Cheap Jack,

\* *Cheap Jack Zita*. By S. Baring-Gould. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1893.

*Outlaw and Lawmaker*. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

*White Poppies*. A Novel. By May Kendall. With Illustrations by R. Anning Bell. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden. 1893.

*A Black Prince; and other Stories*. By the Author of "Told in the Verandah." London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

a girl who talked about "edication" and enjoying herself "tremendous," would say, "You must suffer me to take it to my room that I may find a suitable needle," or that she "had to remove" her "shoes" because they were wet, or that some one "will do his utmost to make her happy"? Yet there are some strong scenes as well as many excellent descriptions in this book, and, if the story drags in places, it is relieved by some amusing passages. As to Zita herself, she is capital; and, whatever may be the faults of the book, want of originality is not one of them.

Mrs. Campbell Praed gives us something like a hero in her new Australian story, *Outlaw and Lawmaker*! He was an Irishman of good family, went into the army, joined secret Societies, and was on the point of being arrested for "inciting his regiment to Fenianism," when he pretended to be drowned, but in reality bolted. First he went into an Algerian regiment; secondly, he became a brigand in the desert; thirdly, he went to Australia. There he farmed by day and highway-robbed by night, somehow concealing the fact that the very respectable squatter he appeared to be in the sunlight amused himself by felony when the moon was up. He "robbed—not for greed of gain, but for Ireland." By the help of the Irish vote he became a member of the Parliament of his colony, and later on a Minister, having under his control the police, including the special contingent told off to try to discover and arrest himself. Although he had fled from his native land to escape arrest, he used no disguise by day in Australia, and called himself by his real name. When an old acquaintance recognized him, he simply told him that he should be very much obliged if he would be kind enough not to reveal his identity. This sort of thing can be done with impunity in a novel; but it would be dangerous in real life. Again, when riding about by daylight with his accomplice he talked to him about their nocturnal plans, well within ear-shot of other people, and when he went to stay at the chief town in his constituency for his election, he put on his brigand's properties in his hotel, rode out at night, robbed a gold escort of 8,000*l.* in specie, and returned in time for breakfast. Finally, he came in for a peerage, was betrayed by an accomplice, and, just as the police were going to lay hands upon him, "with one swift sudden movement," he threw "himself backward," and was "swallowed up for ever in the depths of the Barolin water-hole." It will surprise nobody to read that such a hero as this said that he and his horse had "thrilled together on the moonlight nights," and that he knew "no more intense joy than the thrilling sense of carrying one's life in one's hand." The heroine was a most unmitigated Australian flirt. One man was engaged to be married to her; another "she knew wanted to kiss her"; a third said to her "every time I look at you, I—I want to kiss you"; a fourth, the Fenian brigand himself, "put out his arms and caught her to him in a wild embrace," and "kissed her cheeks, her hair, and then her lips." Nor was this all the kissing. A married woman, who declared that another woman's husband was "all" she "had in the world," was kissed by him. "He had his arm round me," she said; "he kissed me." Unfortunately, in order to balance himself, he put the hand of the other arm upon the exact spot of a rock whereon was curled up an adder of the most deadly description. Before he could be taken away from the place, he died, at which the lady whom he had been kissing "sank moaning hysterically" and lamenting that the kiss so lately received would be the last she should receive from him. "His kiss—oh, my God! his last kiss!" Mrs. Campbell Praed evidently cannot see why Mr. Rider Haggard should have an exclusive right to impossible caves. After all, why should he? And it is obvious that the impossible is not one whit more impossible in Australia than in Africa or Central Asia.

"Three Silly Girls" would have been a far more suitable title for Miss May Kendall's new book than *White Poppies*. One of them was murdered, another committed suicide, the third contemplated suicide, but thought better of it, and it is vaguely and mysteriously hinted that she died a natural death. Number one "had naturally been" "a trifle too fond, perhaps, of pleasant food and drink," and she joined the Salvation Army. Number two imagined "herself a disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer," and derided "the religious bias, and the political bias, and the national bias, with a certain amount of cleverness and fearful want of taste." Number three fell in love with a man at first sight, declaring that he "never was a stranger," as she "had met him in the last world but one." When told by her brother that she was doing wrong in getting up, although very ill, in order to go where she would be likely to have an opportunity of meeting the object of her affections, she replied that, "if no one did wrong, no one would ever do right. Christianity would be impossible without Judas Iscariot." "I am

Judas Iscariot," said she. "You may be Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John." This novel is sentimental, morbid, and dull; and the general massacre of the innocents at the end is not only disagreeable, but unnecessary to the interest of the story. An unsatisfactory book is the more vexatious when the author has talent; talent is certainly possessed by Miss May Kendall, and we hope to live to see the day when she shall use it to good purpose. The illustrations are very fair, but they do not always keep to the text. In the drawing opposite p. 74 Elsie does not look "white as death," and in that opposite p. 190 Henrietta has not the spectacles which we are told that she habitually wore. There is something very chaotic about the man's beard and mouth in the illustration subscribed "She began to sob," and in the picture of Elsie watching for Trevanion, she looks like the ghost of a figure in a dressmaker's fashion-plate.

Read as it ought to be read, *A Black Prince: and other Stories* is a very entertaining book. Read from end to end, it might not give so much pleasure; for it would have the drawbacks common to most reprints, and the sameness in the style and in the general drift of each story would probably be wearisome. Only one of the tales ought to be read at a sitting; the book should lie in a convenient place, and a story should be read while a cigarette is smoked, or one's wife is keeping one waiting, or two friends are discussing some question in which one takes no interest. If several days could intervene between each reading, so much the better. The book consists of twelve parts, each concerning things connected with India; in all, or almost all, of them somebody is made a fool of, and their unpretentious humour is refreshing. It is a book to buy and leave about.

#### BOOKS ON AFRICA.\*

MISS BLENNERHASSETT and Miss Sleeman have written one of the liveliest books of pioneer adventure that we have recently read, and have produced as vivid a picture of the discomforts and disadvantages of civilizing the wilderness as has been drawn since early Californian and Australian days. It is rather a pity that they have not attended a little more to the words which, in a celebrated song, follow "Pray Goody." Their tongues, indeed, are not always like Goody's, and Captain Pipon of the *Magicienne*, Mr. Selous, Mr. Rhodes, and a few others, receive good words from them. But of perhaps the majority of companions they evidently feel it their duty to speak faithfully, and with a historic precision which is nobly indifferent to *respect humain*, or to the fact that the persons of whom they speak are all alive. There is none of the nonsense of initials and blanks about "Sister Aimée" and "Sister Lucy," as their names went in hygienic religion. When Rollet comes in their way they called him Rollet—and the other thing as well. So we learn that a certain "Major" Johnson habitually makes statements which are "entirely devoid of foundation," a defect which also attaches to some of those of Sir John Willoughby. They are handsomely "willing to believe that Bishop Forbes acted for the best" in first running on before them, and then running away from them to England, but they leave us to draw our own conclusions as to this episcopal conduct. They "offer no opposition" to their companion sister when, having committed the almost unpardonable sin of saving her clothes when they lost theirs, she filled up the measure by the—we own—quite unpardonable one of marrying the doctor. But they feel it their duty to make amends to themselves for this by a candid description of her shortcomings as a nurse, and by divers other amiable felicities. Mrs. Bent will, doubtless, take good-humouredly the description of her appearance as that of a Britannia who had retained her helmet, but "exchanged the rest of her garments for those of a scarecrow." So also the Commissioner and the Civil Magistrate of Umtali may be equally pleased to read how, they being both con-

\* *Adventures in Nushouland*. By Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Sleeman. London: Macmillan. 1893.

*A History of the Gold Coast of Africa*. By Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Ellis. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

*The Sacred City of the Ethiopians*. By J. T. Bent. London: Longmans. 1893.

*A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahomey*. By Sir Richard F. Burton. 2 vols. London: Tylston & Edwards. 1893.

*The Story of Africa*. Vol. II. By Robert Brown. London: Cassell. 1893.

*Further Excavations at Zimbabwe*. By Sir John C. Willoughby. London: Philip. 1893.

*Among Beers and Basutos*. By Mrs. Barkly. London: Rivington. 1893.

*Khama, the African Chief*. By Mrs. W. Knight-Brace. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner, & Co. 1893.

*British Africa, or Iba*. By P. L. McDermott. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.



siderably more than *lancés*, the former declared he would tear the latter from his horse, and actually suspended him from his functions, while the latter retaliated by putting the Commissioner under arrest.

These things, and a great many others, which could have been very easily removed or softened by a judicious omission of names and designations, are a pity; but it would be affectation to say that they make the book less lively reading. And these ladies cannot be accused of having nothing to tell but ill-natured gossip. Even their earlier experiences in the comparatively monotonous civilization of Johannesburg and Kimberley are very brightly told, as is the voyage to Beira, in which the luckless sisters, arriving in the very crisis of the Anglo-Portuguese difficulty, were shipped and shunted backwards and forwards in the most ruthless manner. At last they started up the Pungwé in a tiny launch, and, after sixteen hours of tropical sun without cabin or awning, were shot ashore at "Mpanda's," the landing-place for the up-country road, to find nobody ready for them, and not even a tent free. Here they heard their first hymnas and lions; and hence, after long and irritating delays, they started to walk up to Umtali at the rate of about twenty miles a day, through long grass and over waterless stretches; sleeping at night in open huts, by pools where the lions came and drank as coolly (but not so noiselessly) as cattle, and doing the last four days without any baggage or other carriers but three boys, and with a single white man as companion. Even when they got to the then head-quarters of English Maniceland their troubles were hardly over. Here, again, no preparation had been made for them; they could get no proper hospital even till they caught Dr. Jameson in person, and gave him what, from the specimens of their faithfulness above referred to, must have been a serious time for the Administrator; and the feeding was of the most eccentric character. Indeed, it depended, outside the Company's ration of flour and beef (both bad), on the convenience and caprice of the traders who victualled Umtali with exclusive consignments now of sardines, now of tinned lobster, now of foie gras not in the best condition. One of their companions, as we observed, foretook them, having loved this present doctor. The Mission chaplain (fully named), after a short period, "chucked his orders," and went into partnership with a Jew publican. The baker suffered habitually from D. T., in which he saw not snakes, but imaginary masses of dough, and casually endeavoured to bake himself. Both lions and leopards took a hand in this festive encampment, and one of its diversions was the visit of native chieftainesses, who held that the rights of woman and of man to whisky are coequal, unlimited, and inalienable.

At last, after some two years of it, these plucky, if sometimes very candid, young women came home by Zanzibar, just at the time of the loss of the *Victoria*, in a German ship, with an English madman who ate soap and drank hair-wash; and they are, we trust, in peace, resting from their lions and labours in the past, and in no danger of libel actions in the future.

Colonel Ellis, of the First West India Regiment, probably knows more about the West Coast of Africa than anybody; and he has added to his previous works on the subject *A History of the Gold Coast*. In this, after the inevitable Periplus business, he begins with the Portuguese discoveries and their establishment at Elmina. Then he sketches our own attempts and those of the Dutch—attempts, it must be owned, sometimes of a rather flibustering, not to say piratical, character—to get a footing there, and proceeds to show how, the Dutch having turned out the Portuguese, we jolly Englishmen characteristically took the opportunity of turning out the Dutch—at any rate, in part. From this period Cape Coast Castle becomes a centre of records and of political and commercial interest. Colonel Ellis sees it through the eighteenth century, notes the rise of Ashanti, and gives an account of our first and disastrous war with that Power seventy years ago. Soon after Mr. Maclean, the husband of "L. E. L.," makes his appearance. Colonel Ellis speaks well, and indeed warmly, of him; and it is interesting (with a slight touch of the ludicrous in the interest) to compare his plain unvarnished tale of the poetess's death, well supported by evidence as it is, with the dark imaginings which to this very day find place in "L. E. L.'s" biographies, and in which the British public, in its well-known and favourite character of *gobemouche* or *gobetout*, both then delighted and still delights. From this time till Lord, then Sir Garnet, Wolseley's expedition in 1873, the whole history is almost wholly occupied by our unwise potterings with this savage people. The Wolseley campaign itself is then described with some minuteness, and an account of subsequent events to 1888 follows. The book is soberly and clearly written, and presents a very good specimen of a solid, but not too voluminous, monograph in this branch of history.

The appendix-monographs on Sabean inscriptions and the

morphology of the Abyssinians in Mr. Bent's account of his own and his wife's brief sojourn in Abyssinia will no doubt interest specialists. For the general reader the most interesting feature of the book will, we suppose, be the numerous illustrations from Mrs. Bent's photographs of Abyssinian maids, jewelry, paintings, buildings, monoliths, furniture, scenery, and curios. The text contains an account of the people and their manners, which is no doubt exact and readable enough. But the travellers were not long in the country (they simply went from Massowah to Aksum, or Axum, and back), and they had no particular adventures, though they once had unpleasant expectations (from which the Italians delivered them) of detention at the hands of a cantankerous "Ras." Their observation of men and manners is, as usual, minute, and we should say trustworthy.

The "memorial edition" of the late Sir Richard Burton's works has reached the *Mission to Dahomey*. This was always one of the most interesting books of that singular personage whom his Bohemian friends a generation ago used to call "Rufian Dick," but who, thanks to Lady Burton's devotion (which makes one think that Lord Tennyson was a *rates* in both senses when he gave the name of "Isabel" to a "most perfect wife"), is likely to go down to the generations as something of a Paladin. At a later stage of his career Burton would probably have treated the subject of the Amazons in a more full-flavoured fashion (he puts in a few touches of what our ancestors called "hogo" as it is), and he would have been pretty certain to have written in a less simple style. As it is, the book is comparatively restrained, very carefully observed, and, if containing not much that can be called adventure, decidedly interesting.

The second volume of Mr. Robert Brown's *Story of Africa* (which, it may be remembered, is not merely a geographical and ethnographical description of the Dark Continent as it is to-day, but a historic survey of the various explorations of it by white travellers) is occupied with the districts surrounding the Nile, the Great Lakes, and the Congo basin. It does not bring matters quite up to the present day, Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent* being, we think, the last of that explorer's works which is laid under contribution, and the greater part of the volume centres round the adventures and discoveries of Livingstone, so that the *locale* descends at times very far to the South. Like the former volume, it is very well done, and the illustrations are numerous and excellent.

We can give but shorter notice to Sir John Willoughby's interesting note on his prosecution of the Zimbabwe excavations, a twelvemonth ago, to Mrs. Barkly's *Among Boers and Basutos*, and to Mrs. Knight-Bruce's *Athema*. The first partly completes and partly corrects, or at least criticizes, Mr. Bent's interesting book on the Zimbabwe ruins; and the third is a short, but very well-written and well-justified, eulogy of the best native chief in South Africa—a chief whose assistance has been essential to all our advances in Northern Bechuanaland and Zambesia for years past, who has not been too well rewarded, and whose exact treatment in the recent Matabele campaign is still matter of doubt, though his service to us therein is not. Mrs. Barkly's book is slight, and in parts a little patchy; but it is easily read, and very well worth reading, the account of Basutoland before and during the perhaps most discreditable of our many discreditable African wars being fresh and agreeable.

There is a certain rather cruel, but extremely human, prejudice against people who are persistently unlucky. Not merely their insolent successful rivals, but ordinary persons who rub along somehow, are apt to conclude that so much ill-luck must imply at the best some mismanagement. We are afraid something of this *guignon* attaches to the body which (rather in tune with its general want of tact) seems to like to call its dominions by the childish name of "Ibea." We do not deny that the Imperial British East Africa Company has been terribly unlucky; and we are even disposed to grant that it has been very badly treated. Whether it did or did not help to make its own troubles by an alternation of hot fits and cold fits, by an unwise omission to obey the old injunction, and calculate whether with ten thousand it was likely to be able to meet some one else with twenty thousand; whether, above all, it did not play a dangerous kind of acrobatics—a sort of Celebrated Circus Act on the two fiery steeds, Moral-and-Missionary-Enterprise and Commercial-Policy—these are questions which we need not discuss at any great length here. We hope that, when Sir Gerald Portal's report is made, the Company will, in some way or other, be set on its legs, with a fair license of revenue-raising and a fair subsidy to build that Uganda Railway with which Sir William Harcourt so discredibly interfered, and which is more wanted than ever now that, not merely Belgian, but French, intruders are making for the Upper Nile. Meanwhile, if anybody wants to see all the documents of the dispute, with a fairly clear, if not very

appetizingly written, continuous commentary on them from the Company's point of view, he will find both here. We repeat our opinion that, if he examines these documents fairly, and with some knowledge outside them, he will perhaps come to the conclusion that the Company has sometimes committed errors of mismanagement, and others of that particularly damaging kind known as overreaching oneself. But we are quite sure that he will come to the conclusion, first, that the respectable remnant of a vast Empire which but a few years ago was to be had entire by England for the taking, without a rival and without a complaint, is worth not a little expense to retain and develop it; secondly, that for its services in preventing this remnant from going the way by which so much else has been allowed to go, the Imperial British East Africa Company deserves at least a *dédommagement* for its money out of pocket—at best a “leg up” to future profits. To hand over a great unpoliced territory to the control of a private Company, and cut it off from almost every source of revenue (except bare trade) by which it can set on foot and maintain the civilizing restrictions under which alone trade can be carried on, is not merely unfair, it is utterly and revoltingly silly. Indeed, we cannot remember a period of the world's history at which it would have occurred to anybody out of a lunatic asylum except this very end of this very civilized and Liberal English nineteenth century.

## LETTERS TO MARCO.\*

THIS delightful volume is not a book made of set purpose. It is neither composed, nor compiled, as books are wont to be, but consists of private letters, of a purely informal and spontaneous character, written by one artist to another. These *Letters to Marco* were addressed from time to time during the last eight years by Mr. Leslie to Mr. H. S. Marks, at whose suggestion they are now printed. Many are Mr. Leslie's tributes of affection and inspiration to the genius of “Our River,” yet none is more charming than these notes on the natural history of “Riverside.” Mr. Marks is nothing less than critical in his playful reference to these letters as “D. B.,” or Daines Barrington letters. There is the true Selbornian spirit in them. They describe the round of life through the seasons in an old Thames-side garden—a garden not made by gardeners, who are more often than not the worst enemies of gardens, but a garden full of birds and flowers all the year through, with old trees within it, and generous borders rich with herbaceous perennials, and the river flowing about it. Of birds and flowers, of insects and reptiles, of the fish in the river, and of engaging pet creatures, Mr. Leslie discourses in the pleasantest fashion conceivable. The word that best expresses the admirable accord of style and theme in this book must be borrowed from Gilbert White. Mr. Leslie's volume is “amusive.” That is the word that precisely defines its peculiar quality of entertainment. A keen and enthusiastic observer of nature, Mr. Leslie is never tedious. He treats of the most familiar of objects with the same insight and the same felicity of record that he bestows on the least considered of trifles. Not having seen the old garden, we do yet see it, mirrored in these Letters, as in some Claude Lorraine glass, with its birds and flowers, the serviceable toads, the quaint drake, and the object of his adoration—the admirable “Rosie,” an educated donkey that drank coffee from a cup like any christen child. These pleasant creatures live in the pages of Mr. Leslie's Letters as our own familiar friends. And in the old garden is an old house, “a very rambling and intricate,” founded on a yet more venerable structure, built in the days when Wallingford was a place of trade, and canal and river the channels of traffic. Concerning this house Mr. Leslie tells an almost incredible story of an architect. So dilapidated it seemed, both within and without, that he had begun to think there was nothing for it but to pull it down and build anew, when the architect, whose name should not be permitted to perish, dissuaded him with the remark, “Anyone could build a new house, but nobody an old one.” This excellent, but very unprofessional, architect is justly commended for his taste and wisdom. Perhaps he fortified the artist's mind on another point. Just outside Mr. Leslie's bedroom there is an ancient aycamore, within the knotty holes of whose trunk the starlings build their nests. Mr. Leslie delighted in watching these amusing and garrulous birds from his bed, and has given a pretty drawing of what he looked on, with the window for frame. Of course, some friends wanted him to cut down the tree. There are people always eager to cut down trees, generally because they overhang some paltry “bed” devoted to the wretched “bedding-out” stuff in which gardeners rejoice. Happily, Mr. Leslie resisted the

barbarous suggestion. He remembered his architect, it would seem. Anybody can plant a new tree, but nobody an old one.

Charming old-fashioned flowers find protection in Mr. Leslie's garden. There is the “velvet rose,” for example, figured in Gerard, one of the prettiest of those single and semi-double roses once found in all English gardens; “Titianesque” it is well called, with its handsome gold stamens and velvet petals. It may be likened to the beautiful single crimson peonies that have almost become extinct. Of this ancient Elizabethan rose Mr. Leslie writes:—“I prize it more than any of the huge blooms of the hybrid perpetuals, with their human names,” and well he may. Most of the h.p. roses raised in recent years are gross in form and almost, if not entirely, without fragrance. Of such is the kingdom of the florist. Gardeners care only for denaturalizing nature. They plant the ugly double white hawthorn, and the flaunting double red—which they call “scarlet,” though it is of vile terra-cotta hue—in preference to the forty or fifty beautiful single-flowered varieties, all of which are exquisite in scent, and not, like their favourites, absolutely barren of odour. In short, to rob the flower of its fragrance, and the tree of its grace or majesty, to maim, or distort, or caricature all natural growths, are the aims of gardeners and florists. They have actually invented a “weeping” Lombardy poplar, which is perhaps as great a triumph in science as a scentless rose. Mr. Leslie declares that he is too fond of flowers to study botany. In the same spirit—that is, as an artist—he compares the style of the modern popular scientific handbook with that of Gerard or Parkinson (pp. 246, 247). Nothing could be more striking than these examples of the old botanist and the new—the one so vigorous, picturesque, and stimulating; the other so spiritless, dull, and pedantic. Mr. Leslie writes of flowers like a good Gerardian, and his pen-and-ink drawings are not less enjoyable than his descriptive notes. Among these we have an interesting series illustrating the architecture of seed-vessels. At p. 34 there is a “bird's-eye view” of a swallow flying; at p. 81, a kingfisher “hovering”—an extremely rare incident; and at p. 130, a sketch of the wing-tips and tails of swallows at rest on a coping, which serves to correct the erroneous conventional drawing of the swallow's forked tail by many artists. Even Bewick exaggerates the fork of the swallow's tail, as Mr. Leslie remarks; and that he is as good a student of Bewick as of birds may be gathered from his entertaining comment on one of that artist's vignettes (189)—the wonderful little engraving of the niggardly man and the swimming cow, which is reproduced on the same page. His observations of birds are excellent in truth and varied in scope. As might be expected, he is sound on the subject of guns in gardens, and would as soon “restore” an ancient church as shoot a bullfinch. Although in the main the naturalist of a garden, Mr. Leslie deals with other topics in these Letters, and describes several excursions afield. There are trips to Cirencester and to Lechlade, to Fairford—where the famous windows are found to be not Diueresque in Mr. Leslie's opinion—and to Kilmescott, of which he gives an engaging account. He records also an impetuous sally into the Midlands, in search of a decorative tinnman who supplied canal-boats with artistic handiwork. And all these matters are so pleasing to read about that, when we arrive at the last line of the last letter, we long for more *Letters to Marco*.

## NEW PRINT.

WE have received from Messrs. Frost & Reed of Bristol a print, apparently engraved in America, in photographic mezzotint. It is too large for all the story it has to tell; but the composition is good and the figures are characteristic and strongly modelled, breathing more of the open air than of the studio. The rocks on which they stand are also vigorously drawn, and the wild plants are treated with much delicacy of handling. There is something not so satisfactory about the sea. No doubt it is difficult to represent smooth water flowing over sunken rocks, and to catch their shadows and the swirl of the incoming and receding waves with their floating weeds. “A Message to the Reef” is being conveyed by a stalwart and comely girl who waves a flag, while the old woman beside her looks through a telescope. Mr. Carter takes the Longships Lighthouse, off the Land's End, for the scenery of his dramatic representation. The incident was actually witnessed by the artist in 1891, when one of the light-keepers having been injured by accident, help was signalled for, and the signal was answered in the way depicted here. The picture was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1892.

\* *Letters to Marco*. By George D. Leslie, R.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.



## SOCIAL ENGLAND.—VOL. I.\*

LITTLE as we think a series of contributions by different writers a pleasing or appropriate means of constructing a historical work generally, we acknowledge that there are cogent reasons for adopting such a device in the case of a book dealing with the social history of a nation. The ground to be covered is so large and so various that it would be difficult, perhaps even impossible, to find any one man in all points sufficient for such a task, any one equally capable of writing on Celtic hill-fortresses, on Elizabethan literature, and on modern agricultural improvements. Mr. Traill has, so far as we can judge from this first instalment of his *Social England*, on the whole been fortunate in procuring the services of a competent band of contributors; some two or three of the writers in this volume have given him really admirable work, and none of them fall below such a standard as may fairly be required for a book of this sort. The scheme of his history, which—in that it has no references beyond some general lists of authorities, and attempts much in a comparatively small space—seems intended for popular use rather than for scholarly purposes, is exhaustive and well conceived. The history of the English people is divided into long periods, such as—to name those included in this volume—the Celtic and Roman times, England under the Anglo-Saxons and Danes, the century and a half between the Conquest and the Great Charter, and the comparatively short though, as regards social development, to speak of no other side of it, notable stage in our national progress between the Great Charter and the accession of Edward I. Each of these periods is treated in a single chapter, and each chapter is, after a short sketch of the civil history of the time, divided into sections containing contributions by different writers on various “social” subjects, such as the condition of the nation with respect to religion, learning, literature, art, commerce and industry, and daily life and manners.

Of all the contributions to this volume, the editor's introduction is, as literature, far before the rest. It is delightful reading. Sometimes eloquent, as when it notes the unrivalled array of poetical talents presented in Chaucer's verse, sometimes critical, as in its comments on the mistake underlying the frequent complaint that social progress has not been accompanied by moral and spiritual improvement, and always brilliant, the little treatise in which Mr. Traill lays down the lines of his book and indicates its character leaves the reader with one only cause for dissatisfaction—that his pleasure has been of too short duration. Mr. Traill's few almost opening sentences on the relation between political and social history are eminently suggestive, and might well be expanded into a useful essay. The only point on which we are at issue with him is that he implies that the churches built in Saxon times were of wood. This tallies with the somewhat hasty assertion of one of his contributors that Saxon builders were “profoundly ignorant of masonry.” How far this is from the truth has, we think, been satisfactorily shown by the late Dr. Freeman in the fifth volume of his *Norman Conquest*. The builders of the pre-Norman times could, and did, build in stone, even before the accession of Canute, though no one will deny that the greater number of their churches were made of wood; for it was the more abundant and more easily worked material. Mr. Traill tells us, in his introduction, that he is aware that the system of collaboration that he has adopted involves a certain amount of repetition, and that he is not greatly concerned that it should be so. Looking at this volume from the reader's point of view, we find more repetition in it than is agreeable, and believe that it would have been better if the editor, though at the cost of much extra trouble both to himself and to them, had insisted that some of his contributors should have avoided more strictly matters already touched upon by others of their number. Inequalities in treatment and style are to some extent necessary defects in a book by different writers, and in the later part of this volume, where the social history is much subdivided, the constant change of writers and subjects becomes irritating. While, as a rule, the contributors are agreed in avoiding archaic and unusual forms of spelling, the editor might have insisted on more uniformity in this respect. One contributor is guilty of the pedantry of spelling Abelard as Abailard, and, while Mr. Hutton writes sensibly of Ranulf Flambard, one of his fellow-workers foolishly and incorrectly refers to the Bishop as “Ralph the Torch.” Mr. York Powell (who, by the way, writes “sovrain” for sovereign) turns Hasting into Hæsten, and Mr. Smith writes Æthelfled (sic)—this is, no doubt, a misprint—

though the same name is given elsewhere as Ethelfleda. These, however, are trifling matters.

Early in the volume we have an excellent account of Britain under the Romans, by Mr. Richards, who describes the administrative system of the conquerors and the advantages of their rule, and, on the other hand, points out the burdensomeness of the Roman taxation, and the other grievances of which the natives not unreasonably complained. Mr. Williams writes pleasantly on Celtic heathenism, the conversion of Britain, and the Celtic Church, and Colonel Cooper-King is instructive on British weapons and camps, and on Roman military roads and stations. Other contributors deal with the art, trade, industry, and manners and customs of the pre-Roman and Romano-British periods. The conquest of Britain by the Saxons, and their settlement in the country, and the history of the Danish invasions fall to Mr. York Powell. His papers are full of information, and one contains a sketch of the condition of Britain at the time of the English conquest that is specially noteworthy. Mr. Maude brings out the leading features in the evangelization of England, and sketches very slightly those of the history of the English Church before the Norman Conquest. When speaking of the decadence of monasticism in the first half of the eighth century, he should have noted that many monasteries—specially, we think, in the South and West of England—were in a flourishing state as regards piety, learning, and discipline. His few sentences on the reforms of Dunstan show a correct appreciation of the dangers that were then threatening the Church, and of the Archbishop's work. Professor Maitland's contribution on the English law before the Norman Conquest introduces us to the writer who has done the best and most interesting work for this volume. All that he gives us is valuable, well arranged, and brightly written. While it needs no previous knowledge of his subject to understand what he says about it, many to whom it is perfectly familiar may gain a good deal from his papers. In this place he puts before us the conditions that determined the form and spirit of the ancient English laws. At a later stage he has some sound remarks on the influence exercised by the Roman jurisprudence, and then passes on to expound the legal procedure of the twelfth century. This he does without painful explanation; for he instructs his readers by setting before them a Court of the period, and commenting on what he pictures as taking place, showing the part taken by the suitors of the Court, summoned “to find the dooms,” and the working of the system by which proof was established by compurgation, ordeal, or wager of battle. Mr. Oman writes with the authority of a specialist on methods of warfare, and says much that is worth knowing in a small space. Mr. Hughes's papers on art, and specially on architecture, are well put together and readable, and the sections relating to literature also deserve a word of praise, though we think that the writer has here and there packed them too closely, and has not always kept in mind the wants of the readers for whom we imagine this book is primarily intended. Mr. York Powell's brief account of Domesday Book is, so far as it goes, of good quality. Perhaps the only other contributor whose work calls for special commendation is Mr. Reginald Poole, who has written in a scholarly, and at the same time perfectly clear, fashion on the elements of mediæval education, the character of scholastic philosophy, the classical learning of the twelfth century, the rise of Universities, and, at a later stage, on the beginnings of the Collegiate system, and the changes that took place in the methods of study during—speaking roughly—the reign of Henry III. A few of the papers, though by no means bad, please us less than those of which we have spoken. Those on civil history might, we think, have been written with more force, and with more reference to the sections on social progress that follow them; they should each, it seems to us, strike as it were the keynote of the tune that is to be heard, more or less, in the work of each writer on the period. Nor does the paper on the daily life and customs of the Saxons and Danes strike us as quite satisfactory, either in matter or manner; though in saying this, it is only fair to point out that it is extremely hard to write well on so wide a theme. Other contributions are not, perhaps, inferior to those that we have mentioned with praise; indeed, the volume as a whole appears to us to present in a fairly popular form the latest results of scholarly investigation.

## LABOUR AND THE POPULAR WELFARE.\*

PERCEIVING no reason why “the salient facts which underlie the social problems of to-day” might not be made,

\* *Labour and the Popular Welfare.* By W. H. Mallock. London: A. & C. Black.

\* *Social England: a Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Science, Literature, and Manners from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By various Writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D.C.L., sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Accession of Edward the First. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co., Lim. 1893.

for the benefit of "the general reader," "as stimulating and fresh as any novel or book of travels," Mr. Mallock has furnished forth a revised version of Political Economy. His work justifies his estimate of how rousing such an entertainment should be. It is in four books. In the first, which is concerned with "the divisible wealth of the United Kingdom," the humane men who would rob the realm because comfort is not a nice thing to look at are tenderly invited to a disappointment. They have been contemplating their prospective booty through magnifying glasses. They have had a working belief, for example, that the rental of the British aristocracy was eight hundred millions a year; Mr. Mallock shows that it is only thirty millions. As they may not consider it worth while to make much ado about such a bagatelle, they are gently reassured. You cannot be patriotic unless you are comfortable, says Mr. Mallock; if you are not comfortable, it is right that you should want to be; therefore, "popular cupidity," which ultimately, if it triumphs, blossoms into patriotism, does, after all, deserve better treatment than special constables can bestow. Only, our popular cupiditarians must be educated. It must be given a "standard" which shall not put facts to the blush and the rule-of-three to confusion. It must realize the limits of what may possibly be got before proceeding to the emprise of getting it. Well, rents from the land are only part of the national wealth. There are railways, and argosies, and pictures, and houses, and cows, and wine, and other things too numerous to mention. They make a goodly store; but, unfortunately, they would leave much to be desired after any arbitrary division. Let a mob of five hundred popular cupiditarians figure to themselves a West End mansion which they are about to nationalize among themselves. As a going concern, it is worth 200,000*l.* Is it capable of enriching each of the five hundred to the extent of 400*l.*? That does seem to be the proportion; but the matter would not pan out according to promise. The nationalizers, as Mr. Mallock says, would have enough wine to keep them unanimously drunk for a week, enough food to appease thirty of them for a day, and blankets for about as many beds. The wealth of the mansion lies in things which are valueless to popular cupidity. Imagine the emotions of the man of feeling who, expecting 400*l.*, found himself presented, in discharge of his claim, with a Sevres plate, or a picture of a Dutch burgomaster; likewise those of the five vanguardsmen of Progress whose share was a buhl cabinet. A moment's reflection on that friendly case will make it plain that the education of popular cupidity must begin by an explanation of what wealth is. It is not what it seems. Its value depends upon a condition which would be abolished whenever the nation resolved upon dividing it. It cannot be divided. The moment we resolve upon dividing it, the bulk of it vanishes. It is not money. That is what popular cupidity does not realize. The political pioneer wants money; nothing else can satisfy the soul of him, and appease his sense of justice; therefore, it is necessary to teach him the elements of the subject. Wealth has two modes. Part of it is capital; part, income. The nation's capital, the value of which is estimated by Mr. Giffen at ten thousand million pounds, is not wholly, or even mainly, money; and it is not, therefore, susceptible of division. Let us, however, in our desire to be candid popular educators, put all the cards on the table, and assume that we are to throw into the pool every penny we possess or can realize. What then? Why, this. Every man in the country would have a lodging of some sort, eight pounds' worth of clothes and furniture, eight pounds' worth of things to eat, and a ring, or a pin, or a brooch, which he might be able to sell for 3*l.* 10*s.* He would be owner of an acre, which would in many a case be far from his dwelling; but we cannot promise him a cow. He would have to stock his acre with the fourth part of the cow, the twentieth part of a horse, two-thirds of a sheep, and the tenth part of a pig. "To your tents, O Israel!" and think what you are to make of that. Something might be done with the other part of the nation's wealth, income, which is estimated at thirteen hundred million pounds; but not so much as Israel supposes. Much of it consists of claims only, such as claims to the interest on investments abroad, and claims to have food imported for a consideration; and that would be an unrealizable asset. The general result is that, if we were to divide the national income to the utmost available penny, each man Jack of us would have for one year an income about double that of the average labourer. At the end of the year the fund out of which we had provided ourselves with living wages would be consumed; and then we should be as we were.

Broadly, that is to say, and for the moment. Soon there would arise need for a further rumination in the tents. Israel, it is to be assumed, would continue to multiply and replenish these isles with matchless beauty crowned. Soon, then, we should

behold a shrinkage of our estates and stock. Our acre and quarter-cow would dwindle into the lordship of a rood browsed upon by a cow's leg. You may nationalize the land and the fruits thereof, and some of the fruits of industry; but you cannot nationalize Nature. Nature pays no heed to theories about a living wage. She will not expand the superficies of England to meet the growth of our population. If that were the worst of her answer to the proclamation of national communism, we might manage to rub along fairly well in spite of her. There is a long time to run before, as far as mere elbow-room is concerned, these blest isles shall be too small for the race which inhabits them. Nature's refusal to make them widen out, however, does not exhaust the reprisal which the unfeeling jade has in store for us against the possibility that the beatitudes of Israel in its tents may be formulated into a national polity. Popular cupidity will be unavailing when it has nothing to work upon; and that would be the case with England were the social redemption complete. This is a truth which we must instil into the cupiditarians with care. It is familiar to many men who have reflected; but it is only now, at the instance of Mr. Mallock, that we have it set forth precisely. Indeed, it has been overlooked, and so inferentially denied, by some of the most authoritative of orthodox economists. Mr. Mill, for example, attributed all production to Labour in the lump. He speaks of profits as "the wages of the labour of superintendence"; of "the labour of the invention of industrial processes," such as that "of Watt in contriving the steam-engine"; of "the labour of the savant and the speculative thinker." He puts the power which produced the electric telegraph into the same category as that which hangs the wires from pole to pole. The functions of the employer and those of the employed are treated as if they were of the same order. Now, there is against any system of communism which should embrace Mill's theory that the causes of production are a unity an objection which Mr. Mallock refrains from stating. Let us suppose the polity of Socialism established. What scope would there be for the inventor and the savant? what leisure for speculative thinking? Even if the inventor and the savant were willing to fulfil the functions for the discharge of which they were created, they would not do so. They would not be allowed. In the ideal Socialist State there would be allotted tasks for all men, and the allotted tasks would not include those which savants and men capable of inventing instinctively set themselves. Humanity ceases to neglect and persecute the inventor and the savant and the speculative thinker only when they have invented and speculatively thought themselves, unaided, into positions from which they can bestow benefits upon their kind. There has not since the world began been a single inventor of anything other than a quack medicine who has not, to begin with, been opposed by the incredulity of the people; and we may be quite sure that when Socialism is actualized in a State polity the commune will distrust the desire of any men who seek leisure from toil in order to be inventors and savants as much as working-men at large are beginning to distrust the lords of Labour who are, or want to be, in Parliament at 6*l.* a week, with power to order strikes preventing mere lay labourers from earning 2*l.* The strictly relevant matter is the accepted doctrine of the causes of production and Mr. Mallock's correction of it. The causes of production, in as far as they reside in humanity, are not a unity. They are separate. They are Ability and the Capacity for Manual Labour: the mental qualities, given only to one man in many, which can conceive expansions or simplifications of industry, and the Muscular Force which, exerted under intelligent guidance, can carry out the projects and use the instruments which Ability designs. Now, not only would the Socialist State be unwilling that any man should be absolved from labour merely because he felt within him a call to the work of the inventor or of the savant: no one conscious of such a call would seek the respite. No man exerts himself in the interest of humanity. Every man exerts himself, if he does it at all, in the interests of himself and of his family. No man will exert himself more than he is obliged to unless he is to reap the larger share of the rewards. It will be useless for any Fabian to say in reply to this that the Socialist motto is "To each man according to his deserts." To affirm such a premise by way of retort upon our criticism of the Socialist programme would be to affirm that the programme is a sham. If, having nationalized capital and the other means of production, the State is to allow men to be rewarded according to the varying measures of the talents they exert, it is clear that the Socialists do not mean a single apparently serious thing they say. They are proposing a levelling of society and the abolition of social inequalities to the end that the old order and the familiar inequalities may rise again. It follows that in declaring the welfare of humanity to be their



aim they are thinking of their own generation, themselves, the men who would benefit by the confiscation and the levelling at the moment of its accomplishment; not of humanity in the future at all.

The education of the popular "cupiditariat," then, is largely a matter of wet blankets. If it has to be chastened in love, it has first to be set at rest in the suspicion, which, perhaps, is already shrewd within it, that the welfare of the labouring masses is not to be promoted by the means recommended by the extreme doctrinaires of Socialism. This part of his task Mr. Mallock achieves with much skill. Again his treatise on the causes of production, the shares in the reward which are due to them respectively, the nature of wealth, and the potentialities of the State in relation to it, is painstaking, persuasive, and brilliant. It leads up, after Book III., to a discriminating statement of "the reasonable hopes of labour." Rightly premising that wherever there is a community there must be a measure of such Socialism as a navy, or an army, or a street, typifies, Mr. Mallock proceeds to show how, and to what extent, a community can, by taking thought, help on the working of the natural laws which make for "the popular welfare." He gives the Socialist cause for astonishment of a kind which is unusual when a Tory is the doctrinaire's interlocutor. He proves that during the first sixty years of the present century the income of the labouring classes rose to such an extent that in 1860 it was equal to that of all classes whatsoever in 1800. "In 1880 the income of the labouring classes was (all reductions for the increase of population being made) more than equal to the income of all classes in the year 1850. Thus, the labouring classes in 1860 were in precisely the same pecuniary position as the working classes in 1800 would have been had the entire wealth of the kingdom been in their hands; and the working classes of to-day are in a better pecuniary position than their fathers would have been had they plundered and divided between them the wealth of every rich and middle-class man at the time of the building of the first Great Exhibition. . . . This represents a progress which the wildest Socialist would never have dreamed of promising." It does; and the present hour, when the country is just recovering from a grave disturbance of comfort caused by a conflict between employers and employed, is particularly opportune for studying how the progress was achieved.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS, CARDS, AND DIARIES.

*THE Treasures in the Marshes*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (National Society's Depository), describes the finding of Anglo-Saxon treasures in marshy land by two boys of different families. Miss Yonge's books are never without their special lesson, and in *Treasures in the Marshes* she points out the good that comes of following the strictly honest and honourable course, and how, on the other hand, beginning with prevarication and slight deceit, may lead to evils impossible to foretell.

*Evil May-Day*, by E. Everett Green (Nelson & Sons), is a story of 1517, and is told with such lively interest that it carries the reader away with it, and at the end we find ourselves, in spite of historical prejudices, as much taken with the graciousness, justice, and even mercy of King Henry VIII. as is Gabrielle Mottas, the heroine of the book, whose lover is saved by the King.

*A Singer from the Sea*, by Amelia E. Barr (Hutchinson & Co.), is founded on the old story of woman's trust and man's faithlessness. The story of a girl giving up everything for the sake of a man who, beyond making her his wife, does nothing for her, and soon gets tired of her, is an old theme, which, not the less interestingly told as it is here, always calls forth sympathy and interest.

*The Wild Lass of Estmere* (Seeley & Co.) is one of a collection of seven stories by M. Bramston, and is perhaps the best of them, though they are all good in their way. As an introduction to the book, M. Bramston writes that "These tales of Past, Present, and Future have appeared, during the last twenty years, in the Christmas number of the same periodical, and are here offered to a reading public which seems of late to incline to look favourably upon short stories." "Touched and Gone" and "Master Roger's Bride" are both well told, and, to our thinking, come next to "The Wild Lass of Estmere" in merit. *The Queen of the Daffodils* is a pretty story of High-school life, by Leslie Laing (Blackie & Son); though, as a High-school is a great leveller of classes, it will be mortifying to our High-school girls to find that scoffing at a Board-school girl who has come amongst them and making much of an earl's daughter may become part of the

High-school life as described by Leslie Laing. This distasteful part of the book is made up for by the earl's daughter taking a special fancy to the Board-school girl, and making her her great friend, to the disgust of some of the snobbish High-school girls. *Out of Reach*, by Esme Stuart (W. & R. Chambers), tells of two poor little orphan girls who are adopted by a cruel and wicked Mrs. Sampson, whose unkindness to the children, and crime in shutting up a poor gentle girl, giving out that she was dead, in order that she, Mrs. Sampson, might enjoy her money, are discovered in time to save the children from an unendurable life, and to restore the poor girl to her lover, who had mourned for her as dead for many years. The story shows how powerless children are in the hands of tyrants in the shape of guardians. In *When We Two Parted* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Miss Sarah Doudney has given us many love affairs illustrating the old song; too many, in fact for as soon as we get interested in one pair of lovers we are transported to a different scene and amongst another set of people, and have to get interested in other lovers. Some of the characters are well portrayed, such as Kathleen Netherdale, a clergyman's daughter; Mrs. Gosse, the heiress's companion; the minister's daughter, Lydia Meade; Mrs. Wigmore, the good-natured, but mischief-making, busybody. The heiress herself is too selfish and disagreeable even to be attractive to fortune-hunters.

*The Lost Treasure of Trevlyn*, by E. Everett Green (Nelson & Sons), is a story of the days of the Gunpowder Plot, and is not only full of romance and hairbreadth escapes, but gives us an insight into gipsy-life which is really interesting. In *The Lost Treasure of Trevlyn* Miss Everett Green makes history and fiction blend together charmingly, and also makes our sympathies go entirely with her hero, Cuthbert Trevlyn, from the time that he escapes from a father's cruel usage at home to his marriage with his cousin, after many and various vicissitudes.

*Courtship and Marriage*, by Annie S. Swan (Hutchinson & Co.), comprises a series of essays on those subjects, all excellent in their way, ending up with "The Gentle Art of Home-making." The many home-truths so plainly and simply set before us may give good lessons to our young people, if they would only learn by tried experience, instead of waiting for their own. *Little Count Paul*, by Mrs. E. M. Field (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), is a very pretty story of the time of the French Revolution, interestingly told, and dealing fairly with both sides of the question. It is a book that will interest young and old. *A Romance of Skye*, by Maggie Maclean (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier), is a romance indeed, with its high-flown characters and improbable events. We will, however, give the author credit for a well-meant endeavour to impart a religious tone to her book. *The Beads of Tasmer*, by Amelia E. Barr (Clarke & Co.), is a Scotch story, and founded on a legend of "The Beads of Tasmer." It shows that the difference between Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism can be reconciled by a spirit of earnestness and love. It has a good tone throughout. *The Close of St. Christopher's*, by Emma Marshall (Nisbet & Co.), is very pleasant reading for young girls of every-day life in a Cathedral town and its immediate neighbourhood; sufficiently interesting, without being sensational, and decidedly wholesome in its religious tone. *The Little Dowager*, by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge & Sons), is a pretty story about two little children—a little boy, whose half-sister married when he was quite tiny, making him a very young uncle. The "Little Dowager," so-called when another baby supplanted her, and her uncle are devoted friends, and go through many adventures together. The book is well illustrated by M. E. Edwards.

*A Difficult Team; or, One in a Thousand*, by H. A. Forde (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), is a really good story. The "Difficult Team" consists of five children sent from India to live under the care of an aunt. The "One in a Thousand" is their young governess, who comes triumphantly out of the difficulties and perplexities which beset her for the first year of her governess life amongst the difficult team.

*Sable and White*, by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. (Jarrold & Sons), is the autobiography of a show-dog, and shows Dr. Gordon Stables's intimate knowledge of dogs and their ways, and his love for them. All lovers of dogs must enter fully into the spirit of this delightful book. It is beautifully illustrated by Harrison Weir. *Lord Lynton's Ward*, by Helena Brooks (Jarrold & Sons), is a pathetic story, with many bright touches in it, of a very little boy, who exercises a good influence on the life of those he is with. There is a good healthy tone all through the book, which is made all the more attractive by its illustrations by Paul Hardy. *The Winged Wolf, and other Fairy Tales* (Edward Stanford) are old stories and legends by various authors, collected by Ha Sheen Kaf. The

collection will be a novel and interesting one to our children, and the illustrations by Arthur Layard are original in design and good in execution. *Under a Spell*, by Ellerton Gay, is full of pretty fancies in the guise of a dream dreamed by a lazy school-boy, as he lies in a coffin instead of going to school. It is well illustrated by Wallis Mackay. *Whispered by the Leaves*, written and illustrated by Kathleen Lucas (Day & Son), is a capital collection of fanciful stories for little children, well and humorously illustrated.

*The Brownies at Home*, by Palmer Cox (T. Fisher Unwin), is quite the most fascinating book for children we have seen. The letterpress is amusing enough, but the illustrations are delightful, and both letterpress and pictures illustrate the life of these quaint little people the Brownies, in each month of the year. It is a book which will give delight to old children and young ones, and will be a capital Christmas gift. *A Day with the Sea Urchins*, by Helen M. Burnside (Frederick Warne & Co.), is another very attractive book full of pretty fancies, and with much information in the guise of a fanciful story. The songs in it, set to music by Myles Birket Foster, are a great addition to the book. Messrs. George Routledge & Sons' books for little children are decidedly fascinating. *For Very Little Folk and Flowers in May*, by Mrs. Sale Barker, are full of stories, verses, and pictures, and are made easy for the little ones to read by having the long words divided into syllables. *Toddles*, by the same author, is about a little girl with whom its baby readers will have the utmost sympathy. Mrs. Sale Barker has also edited a book of *Poems and Songs for Young People*. The illustrations are good, and it will be a treasure to those who have to keep children quiet and amused. *The Seaside Book* (George Routledge & Sons) is another of these treasures.

From Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co. we have a very prettily got-up toy-book for children, *How we Travel*, which has the merit of being quite a novelty; *Sunday*, a bound volume for the year of Sunday reading for the young, with sacred and secular stories, poetry and pictures, all excellent for children; a bound volume of *Friendly Leaves*, edited by Henley J. Arden, containing many valuable contributions by valued contributors; *Friend Work*, the Elder Member's Magazine, edited by M. E. Townsend, which, amongst many other things, gives accounts of what members are doing in the Girls' Friendly Society; *The Young Standard-Bearer*, which is another religious publication for young people.

From Griffith, Farran, & Co. we have *Ether's Shrine*, by Helen Milman, a touching story of a little girl whose devotion to a crippled brother helps her through the many difficulties her wayward temper brings upon her; *Ten Tales without a Title*, by Edith Carrington, illustrated by W. Weekes; *Uncle Charlie's Nursery Songs*, *Boys of Bible Story*, by the Rev. C. J. Ridgeway, M.A., with really good illustrations by Henry Ryland and John Lawson; and *The Old Corner Annual*, containing pictures, stories, and poems for the year, edited by "Uncle Charlie."

Amongst the bound volumes of magazines, *Good Words* for 1893, edited by Donald Macleod, D.D. (Isbister & Co.), must be a favourite one. It has serial and short stories, most of them by well-known authors, biographical, historical, travel, descriptive, and religious papers. Most of the illustrations are very good. *The Sunday Magazine*, edited by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh (Isbister & Co.), is also full of interesting writing. "Talks with our Contributors," articles on nature, missionary and travel, critical and practical Biblical papers, and particularly Sunday evenings with children, will all be good and useful reading. This magazine is also well illustrated. *The Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society) is an excellent and well-known magazine for Sunday reading, full of religious instruction. *The Leisure Hour* has its usual merit of being full of interesting contributions, with some good stories and useful household recipes.

Messrs. John Walker & Co.'s delightful Diaries, bound in all kinds of leather, with a pencil which will write on any sort of paper, and is attached to the back of the case, are already well known. No. 4 is the large size. No. 3, bound in Russia leather, is perhaps the most convenient size for a gentleman's pocket, though No. 1, the smallest size, combines card and stamp case with the Diary. No. 2 is a strongly bound little Diary, but without the pencil. Messrs. Walker's "Perfection Paper Fastener" is a capital invention, saving time and trouble, perfectly simple, and easy to use.

Messrs. De la Rue & Co. have, as usual, combined utility with good looks in their Pocket-books and Diaries. No. 3544, Size C, is a capital housekeeper's purse with Indelible Diary and Memorandum Book, bound in Russia leather. No. 2602½, Size B, is a card and stamp case with diary, and No. 2080½, Size B, is a good note-book and card-case. Then there is the Red Letter Calendar

in a leather case; the finger-shaped condensed Diary and engagement-book, and the thumb-shaped Diary and engagement-book, either in a velvet binding, or Russia leather in a case, or quite plain. The small pocket Calendar and stamp-case is also useful. The portable Diary in a leather case which opens with a spring (Dubber's patent) is convenient. The "Boudoir Calendar" and the folding Calendar are pretty, and the Card Calendars to hang up, besides the days of the month, contain postal information.

Mr. Charles Letts seems to have Blotting-pads and Diaries in greater variety than ever. "The Folding Blotting Pad Diary" (folio) will be invaluable for a writer's desk, with its calendar and cardboard wheel indicating the day of the month. A Blotting Pad with diary fastened at the side, a folding Blotting Pad with calendar, "Writing-table Remembrancer," and the "Boudoir Blotting Pad and Diary," are all to be much recommended. There are diaries of all sizes, some plain, others interleaved with blotting-paper, some ruled for accounts. Those bound in cloth and lettered are very useful, especially the "Office Diary and Note-book." Mr. Charles Letts has brought out *The Nurses' Diary*, compiled by Claude London, containing much information useful for nurses. There is a notice at the beginning of the book to the effect that "The compilers of this diary are fully aware that the first issue must necessarily be somewhat incomplete, and although every endeavour has been made to provide useful information, there still remains room for further improvement. They will be pleased to receive, and cordially invite, suggestions from readers with the object of improving the next issue." Mr. Charles Letts's *Date-Book and Chronological Diary* is a "Record of important events in English history." It is "arranged in chronological order, together with brief obituary notices of famous English men and women, and notes of the principal saints commemorated in the English and Roman Churches." It is written by John Ashton, and is a very interesting reference book.

*Yule Tide*, Cassell's Christmas Annual, has a good story, "The Man in Black," by Stanley J. Weyman, and "A Diamond Ring," a comedy in miniature, based upon an old anecdote, by G. Manville Fenn. There are four black-and-white pictures—two from drawings by Wal Paget, and two from paintings by Bernard Munns—and three coloured ones—two from paintings by Yeend King, and a large one, "Don't Tell," from a painting by A. G. Elsley.

The Christmas Number of *The Sketch* contains many stories and grotesque drawings. Its coloured picture is another and very different "Don't Tell," from a picture by T. B. Kennington. "Christmas Roses" is the Christmas Number of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*. Its stories of different Roses are decidedly pretty. "A Rose of the Ghetto," by I. Zangwill, is amusing. "The Rose of Aldershot," by Archibald Forbes; "The Rose of Killarney," by William Mackay; "The Rose of Kent," by George Manville Fenn, and many other stories of Roses, will pass an idle hour pleasantly. The coloured picture which goes with the Christmas Number is "Happy Days," from a painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

We have received from John Dicks *Bow Bells Almanack*, a very useful publication, and *Bow Bells Annual*, containing two fanciful stories, "The Tulip and the Sapphire" and "The Amazing Adventures of Little Miss Peachblossom."

Messrs. Hildesheimer & Co. have a variety of designs in their Christmas cards, some of which are particularly pretty and original. No. 2427 represents two children peeping through some frosted leaves; when the card is unfolded they are skating. Nos. 2410 and 2415 are greetings in small folded cards, fastened, the first with a horseshoe and mistletoe, the second with a crescent and mistletoe. No. 2292 is a jewelled folding-card, with a sprig of geranium and greeting inside. No. 2467 is a dog school-master, with three good little dogs on a form in front of him and a naughty one behind the desk. The moving mechanical cards are very ingenious. No. 2463 represents children playing at see-saw. No. 2465 is a boy on a rocking-horse. No. 2468 is a pretty group of children dancing round a Christmas-tree; and No. 2466 is an elephant going through a hoop held by two clowns. No. 2356 is a very pretty folding-card, with "To my dear Daughter" in iridescent letters. No. 2537 is a folding-card with two cats pulling a cracker outside, and the cracker gone off inside. There is also an attractive packet of twelve bookmarkers, each with a different and appropriate motto.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

ONCE more we have before us, in plentiful collection, the curious publications of the *Dépôt central des Almanachs*, otherwise the famous firm of Plon, Nourrit et Cie. We have often suggested, and may suggest again, that more use might be made of these things in England than is made at present. A few



of them, indeed, are not exactly suited, according to English ideas, for the young; but these are quite the exception, especially since the disappearance of the *Almanach Grévin*. That fertile draughtsman of various objects in profile and contour is, indeed, survived by his rival "Mars" and "Draner" in the *Almanach pour rire*. The former's well-known young woman is in full force here, and as she appeals to a callous husband, in one place, is prettier than usual; while "Draner's" businesslike *patineuse*, "Au pôle nord," is very moderate and engaging. But by far the larger number of our old friends—*Mathieu de la Drôme* and the *Litgeois*, in their various shapes, the *Prophétique*, the *Parisien*, the *Comique*, the *Astrologique*, the *Parfait Vigneron*, the *Scientifique*, the *Mère Cigogne*, the *Lunatique*—are innocent enough; as, still more, are the *Almanachs du Bon Catholique*, *des Dames et des demoiselles*, *des Jeunes Mères*, *des Saints Cœurs*, *de France et de la Musée des familles*. One specialist almanack in the kind of the *Parfait Vigneron* we notice which we do not distinctly remember to have seen before—the *Almanach des Races Chévalines*. This, however, is not, as its title, strictly taken, would appear to indicate, intended for the perusal of Houyhnhnms themselves, but only for that of the Yahoos who breed and keep them. France, of course, has always been a considerable horse-breeding country; but it is, perhaps, not so generally known in England as it might be how large a part of the export business to America, and elsewhere, French breeders have succeeded in securing of late years. It is, indeed, not improbable that Ireland, which has far greater natural advantages, has been prejudicially affected in this respect by her agrarian troubles. For horse-breeding, though extremely profitable, cannot be carried on with profit by the mere cottiers or peasant proprietors living from hand to mouth, whom it has been the aim of recent legislation to perpetuate and multiply.

Another certainly new and very important venture in Almanacks comes to us, not from MM. Plon, but from another great house, which has not hitherto attempted an Almanack, that of MM. Hachette. It is on a larger and more ambitious scale than any of those already mentioned, and suggests to national vanity that some hints in its projection may have been taken from the eminent Whitaker, the pride and pleasure of every Briton. There is, however, very little superficial and not much real resemblance; the French "Whitaker" exhibiting the difference of the national demands much more clearly than the, to some extent, inevitable identity of the supply. The *Almanach Hachette* falls in with an older kind of English almanack, by giving an extensive household guide to the treatment of accidents, simple diseases, &c. It supplies the absence of the "Family Bible" (not a common object in France) by a beautiful genealogical tree with empty leaves, and a family register. It has a diary—arranged closely, but with really marvellous skill—for notes and accounts, with a history day by day of the siege of 1870, and all sorts of miscellaneous information. It has a section on the Universe (strictly scientific), and a "Histoire universelle" in a few pages, wonderfully well done. It has a geographical chapter with maps of astonishing goodness, and a sketch not merely of French but of general literature. There is hardly any end to the adjustment of a *Real-Lexikon* in little which it contains; and though such a thing as *L'amour chez les différents peuples* ("L'Anglais a l'amour froid, précis"; "le Russe a l'amour mystérieux et fantasque," &c.) is not only useless but contemptibly silly, such things are in a minority of but one or two. Almost the only useful thing as to which we have been able to find no information in the book is its own price.

To return to MM. Plon, we have received from them a most ingenious work, not, indeed, an Almanack, but an Album, entitled *Pour amuser les petits*, by a benefactor of childhood and childlike persons generally, who calls himself "Tom Tit," or, as his other name goes, "Arthur Good." In this album, elaborately illustrated on a large scale and in colours, doth "Tom Tit" show to ingenious youth and frivolous age how, with a plant consisting of penknife, gum-bottle, scissors, pins, &c., and a stock of material no more costly than corks, marbles, nut and other shells, bread-crumbs, oranges, matches, old playing cards, and the like, you may elaborate all manner of mirific and letific implements. So with a claret cork shall you acquire sets of chessmen, dice, dominoes; and (bringing his brother of champagne into play) statues of the human race, chairs, tables, rocking-horses, cavalry, piggy-wigs, storks. The marble weights and moves many curious devices. Of the capacities of orange-peel there is no end; and we have seldom seen a more ravishing object than the "Sultana" who is furnished forth by this fruit, a napkin-ring, some matches, a sliced quill-pen, and a bit of muslin. The fate of Pygmalion might almost be feared by her sculptor. It is impossible to say what may not be done with an old fishing-rod (the perversity of

the French nation was, perhaps, never better shown than when they took to calling a "rod" a "line"), and as for nutshells, a whole Iliad of creations lies in them. Bread-crumbs, straw, wooden matches, cards, both playing and visiting, seem to possess at least equal capabilities with the stones of Deucalion and Pyrrha; and when you boil the shells you pick up in the summer, and keep them for winter amusements, there is again no end to it. There will, indeed, be a little cutting of fingers here and there, wa fancy; but phlebotomy is wholesome in moderation.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*THE Last Earls of Barrymore*, by John Robert Robinson (Sampson Low & Co.), is practically a sketch of the career of the seventh Lord Barrymore, since his brother, the eighth and last Earl, occupies a very small part of Mr. Robinson's annals of the family, which extend from the year 1769 to 1824, when the title became extinct. In recording "the doings of this curious family," Mr. Robinson declares he has written in "no sympathetic spirit." He would not have entered upon what proved to be a most laborious task if he had not thought that "some good might be effected by this disastrous example of folly and extravagance." Perhaps there is some good—for the reader—in an entertaining book. But Mr. Robinson evidently means some other good, and his preface suggests a new prologue to the *Road to Ruin* or *George Barnwell*. He concludes his apologetics by expressing the hope that, should he be found offending against good taste, he will be held guiltless of "sinister motives." He has striven to depict the life of that society in which the seventh Lord Barrymore, and Colonel Hanger, and Sir John Lade were shining examples, without too deeply wounding the feelings of society to-day. Mr. Robinson, we are sure, will be acquitted by the most sensitive member of society. He might easily, without departing from truth, have filled his pages with unsavoury details, yet he observes a wise continence in describing the sports and recreations of Lord Barrymore and his times. He is sometimes even a little excessive in his respect for delicate readers, as when he omits to give the whole of a certain line in the well-known verses on Lady Lade's skill as a whip (p. 61). But Mr. Robinson has collected much information, and used it effectively. He indicates with sufficient clearness the various channels in which Lord Barrymore scattered a princely fortune of something like 300,000*l.* in some five years. There were the theatres at Wargrave and in Savile Row; houses at Wargrave, Brighton, and in Piccadilly; and a racing establishment—which, however, seems to have been for a time a sound investment rather than a source of ruin. Certainly, as Mr. Robinson's record shows, Lord Barrymore's success on the Turf was considerable, and he must have been as astute a gamester as he was precocious to have made twenty-five thousand pounds over one prize-fight. Mr. Robinson tells many a story of his fantastic wagers, and the yet more fantastic matches he made, and of the appalling practical jokes he delighted in, and of his prodigal entertainments at Wargrave, where he played in his own theatre almost as many parts as he played in the world at large. The humours of Wargrave were peculiar, or such as would be now thought peculiar. Among these diversions were the changing of signboards of country inns by night; the wrecking of bedroom-windows with the driver's whip during a wild drive in the small hours; and the "smoking" or "roasting" of some unhappy guest, or the holding of mock trials, which were presided over by the notorious "Anthony Pasquin," of whose literary abilities Mr. Robinson holds too favourable a view. He does not tell us, by the way, who was the "Corbett" with whom this person fell into a controversy (p. 242), nor how "Anthony" could have shown a desire to shake hands with Dr. John Wolcott by "holding out his maw" (p. 245).

That much legendary lore concerning the Brontë family should spring to light after the fame of Charlotte and Emily Brontë was established is only what might be expected. Curiosity begets inquiry, and inquiry is seldom unsatisfied if pushed in a sanguine and enthusiastic spirit. The curious point, however, about the Brontë family is that there was abundant legend and tradition concerning the immediate ancestors of the novelists current in the family before the gifted sisters had written a line. What all this legend amounted to, and how far it influenced the novelists, form the subject of no small portion of Dr. William Wright's interesting volume, *The Brontës in Ireland* (Hodder & Stoughton). Order and form, unfortunately, do not distinguish this book. The narrative is digressive, and the style redundant. Dr. Wright's exposition of the Brontë genealogy is by no means as intelligible as it should be. We start with Hugh Brontë, the grandfather of Charlotte, who is described (p. 19) as her great-great-grandfather. It is said that he was

wont to entertain his family and friends with fearful and wonderful stories. Among these was the story of his own boyhood, which was, to a great extent, the story of *Wuthering Heights*. Dr. Wright heard these stories from his tutor, in Ireland, who had heard old Brontë tell them. The tutor would vary his instruction in Greek and Latin by setting these Brontë stories for translation into classic terms. "It thus happened," Dr. Wright observes, "that I wrote screeds of the Brontë novels before a line of them had been printed at Haworth." With the story of Hugh Brontë, the grandfather, is involved that of the mysterious foundling of Drogheda. Hugh Brontë belonged to a large family. "His father lived somewhere in the south of Ireland" (p. 16). There is much of the vagueness of legend in all this. Suddenly, "about the middle of last century, or a little earlier," the family is excited by the arrival of "an uncle and aunt of whom they had never heard." This "uncle" is the foundling—a regular ogre he seems to have been—and the aunt is one Mary Brontë. They carry off little Hugh to their home, where he has a bad time of it, until he runs away from his tyrant, and marries a young woman whose forehead was of "Parian marble," whose teeth were "lustrous pearls," and whose "ringlets" were nothing less than "luminous gold." Now for the wicked uncle. Hugh Brontë's father, according to Hugh Brontë, lived somewhere in the south of Ireland; but his son never again saw his happy home after the "swarthy" uncle carried him off. Yet we learn (p. 19) that "Hugh Brontë's father, the great-grandfather of the novelists, used to live in a farm on the banks of the Boyne, somewhere above Drogheda." This person—whether Hugh Brontë's father or grandfather it is doubtful—discovered the foundling one day on board the Dublin boat, and introduced the black repulsive brat into his own household, where he served as an effective foil to the baby Brontës, who, "even at that early period, were of a golden hue." The foundling is named Welsh, and assumes the family surname. He grows up to marry one of the golden Brontës, whose name is Mary, and after a career of prosperous villany appears at the peaceful home of Hugh Brontë as an unknown and picturesque uncle. From this story it would seem that the farmer on the Boyne, somewhere above Drogheda, must have been Hugh Brontë's grandfather. But it does not seem gracious to question too curiously these romantic, if somewhat incoherent, pages. Those who may feel sceptical about the foundling should note that there appears a second Welsh Brontë, one of the remarkable sons of grandfather Hugh, in these chronicles, as if to justify the wondrous tale.

*The Story of Louis XVII. of France*, by Elizabeth E. Evans (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is composed of two parts. The larger is devoted to demolishing the Naundorff case; the smaller sets forth the claims of Eleazer Williams, missionary to the Indians in North America. Mrs. Evans affirms her belief in the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple and his conveyance to America, where he lived under the name of Williams. The Williams story was the theme of a little book by an American lady, published some five years since, and there is really nothing new to add to it. As in her book on Kaspar Hauser, Mrs. Evans shows that her views of evidence are peculiar. Instead of undertaking to prove, what no one has yet done, that the Dauphin did not die in prison, she begins her work by weaving a romance out of the person Williams. She produces not a tittle of evidence to show that the so-called confession of the Duchess d'Angoulême is genuine; or, if genuine, she fails to establish the slightest connexion between this statement and the man Williams. She assumes that the Duchess referred to Williams when in the supposed confession she is said to have remarked "My brother is not dead." But the case of Williams, in this volume, is based on the most airy assumptions, and is as transparent as any bubble that ever engaged the fancy of the easy credulous.

Mr. Murray's new *Handbook for New Zealand*, by F. W. Pennefather, LL.D., makes good a want that has long been felt by tourists in the Antipodes. Dr. Pennefather has dealt with the varied attractions of New Zealand with excellent skill, both as to the planning of routes and as to the historical and descriptive portions of the text. The general introduction is admirably designed to serve all kinds of travellers, the sections devoted to geology, botany, mineral springs, the Maoris and their language, being exceptionally well executed. Another subject—the climate—which is of great and growing importance to travellers is fully and clearly treated. New and excellent maps and sketch-plans are provided, and in all ways of guidance the Handbook must be accounted highly satisfactory.

In *Voltaire's Visit to England* (Smith, Elder, & Co.) Mr. Archibald Ballantyne deals with four years of Voltaire's long life—the years 1726-29, spent in England—which form an important and extremely active period of his literary career, and

had been, on the whole, neglected by French and English writers alike. Mr. Ballantyne has compiled a very readable book on these eventful years, illustrating his theme with liberal quotation of Voltaire's English letters and writings. Writing of the somewhat vexed question of Voltaire's relations with Pope, Mr. Ballantyne expresses doubt as to the well-known story told by Voltaire in a letter to Horace Walpole. Voltaire says he had asked Pope why Milton did not write a rhymed epic, and Pope is said to have replied, "Because he could not." This reply seems to us to be extremely characteristic, though Mr. Ballantyne finds it hard to believe.

Mr. Shan Bullock's volume of Irish stories—*The Awkward Squads*, &c. (Cassell & Co.)—will afford pleasure to those who are unwilling to believe Irish humour is dying out in the land. The story of the rival squads is full of drollery, and reads as if inspired by a study from the life. Certainly the humour of it is delightfully racy and individual.

There is also a fine flow of vitality in *The Autobiography of a Spin*, by May Elwood (Thacker & Co.), "a story of Anglo-Indian life," which embodies the confessions of a flirt, and is undeniably a clever and not unaffecting study of the natural history of flirtation.

The neat little series published by Messrs. Bryce of Glasgow, known as the "Tourist's Library," comprises some pleasing examples of fiction, of the lighter order, of which Esme Leigh's *Mermaid* is an interesting and well-written illustration.

In the "Pseudonym Library" we have *Dream Life and Real Life* (Fisher Unwin), by the author of "The Story of an African Farm," a little book that is thin in more senses than the material, and characteristic as to style and sentiment.

Dickens's *Cricket on the Hearth* (Routledge & Sons) is a recent addition to the miniature series of English "Nelumbos," in the form of Guillaume's *Petite Collection*, and is illustrated by Marold and Mittis.

We have also received Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* and *Life of Carlyle*, in one volume (Routledge & Sons), new edition; *Three Emperors*, by Caroline Gearey (Digby, Long, & Co.); *A History of Philosophy*, by Dr. W. Windelband, translated by James H. Tufts (Macmillan & Co.); *Principles of Political Economy*, by J. Shield Nicholson, M.A. (A. & C. Black); *Estoppel by matter of Record in Civil Suits in India*, by L. Broughton (H. Frowde); *Report of the Director of Technical Instruction to the County Council of the County Palatine of Lancaster*, by J. A. Bennion, M.A. (Preston: Whitehead), with maps, appendices, &c.; *The New Technical Educator*, Vol. II., an illustrated encyclopædia (Cassell & Co.); *The Rules and Usages of the Stock Exchange*, by G. Herbert Stutfield and H. S. Cautley (Effingham Wilson), second edition; *A System of Figure Skating*, by T. Maxwell Witham (Horace Cox), fourth edition, illustrated; *Mothers in Council*, Vol. III., edited by Charlotte M. Yonge (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Out Back*, by Kenneth MacKay (Remington & Co.), third edition; *The Philosophy of Singing*, by Clara Kathleen Rogers (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.); *Some Popular Historical Fallacies Examined*, Part I., by the author of "The Religion of St. Augustine" (Burns & Oates); *Manners, Customs, and History of the Highlanders, and Historical Account of the Clan MacGregor*, by Sir Walter Scott (Glasgow: Morison); *The Prevention of Preventable Disease*, an address, by Sir Spencer Wells (Glasgow: MacDougall); *Curiosa Mathematica*, "Pillow Problems," Part II., by C. L. Dodgson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.), second edition; *A Social Policy for the Church*, by the Rev. T. C. Fry, D.D. (Rivington, Percival, & Co.); *Things Old and New*, Stories from English History, by H. O. Arnold-Forster (Cassell & Co.); *The Chemistry of Reason*, by the Hon. William Vernon (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Les Précieux Ridicules*, edited, with notes, by Léon Delbos (Williams & Norgate), No. 6 of "French Classics for English Readers"; *The Bacchæ of Euripides*, with notes by A. H. Cruikshank, M.A., Part I. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); and Cicero's *Pro Milone*, edited by F. H. Colson, M.A., with notes, &c. (Macmillan & Co.)

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.



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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—WAGNER CONCERT.—TO-DAY,**  
Saturday, December 2, at 3 Overture, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," Wotan's  
"Abschied von Brünnhilde und Fricka'scher "Die Walküre"; Isolde's "Liebestod"  
("Tristan und Isolde"); Wagner's "Parsifal"; and the third act  
of "Tannhäuser." The Grand Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. AUGUST MANNS. Numbered  
seats, 2s. and 4s.; unnumbered seats, 1s.

**MADAME GIULIA VALDA** has kindly consented to sing  
in the WAGNER CONCERT this AFTERNOON at 3 o'clock, in the absence, on  
account of illness, of Frau Moran-Olson.—CRYSTAL PALACE.

**MR. EDWARD LLOYD and Mr. ANDREW BLACK,** and  
the CRYSTAL PALACE CHORUS will SING in the WAGNER CONCERT this  
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**THE SURGICAL AID SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL**  
MEETING will be held on Monday, December 4, 1893, at the CITY TERMINUS  
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The Chair will be taken, at 3 P.M., by  
THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.  
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TO IRONFOUNDERS AND OTHERS.

**THE COMMISSIONERS of SEWERS of the City of London**  
will meet in the Guildhall of the said City on Tuesday, December 5, 1893, at Half-  
past One o'clock precisely, to receive TENDERS for the SUPPLY of CAST-IRON  
WORK for a period of Three Years from Christmas-Day next.  
A Specification of Articles commonly used by the Commissioners may be seen and copied at  
this Office.  
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